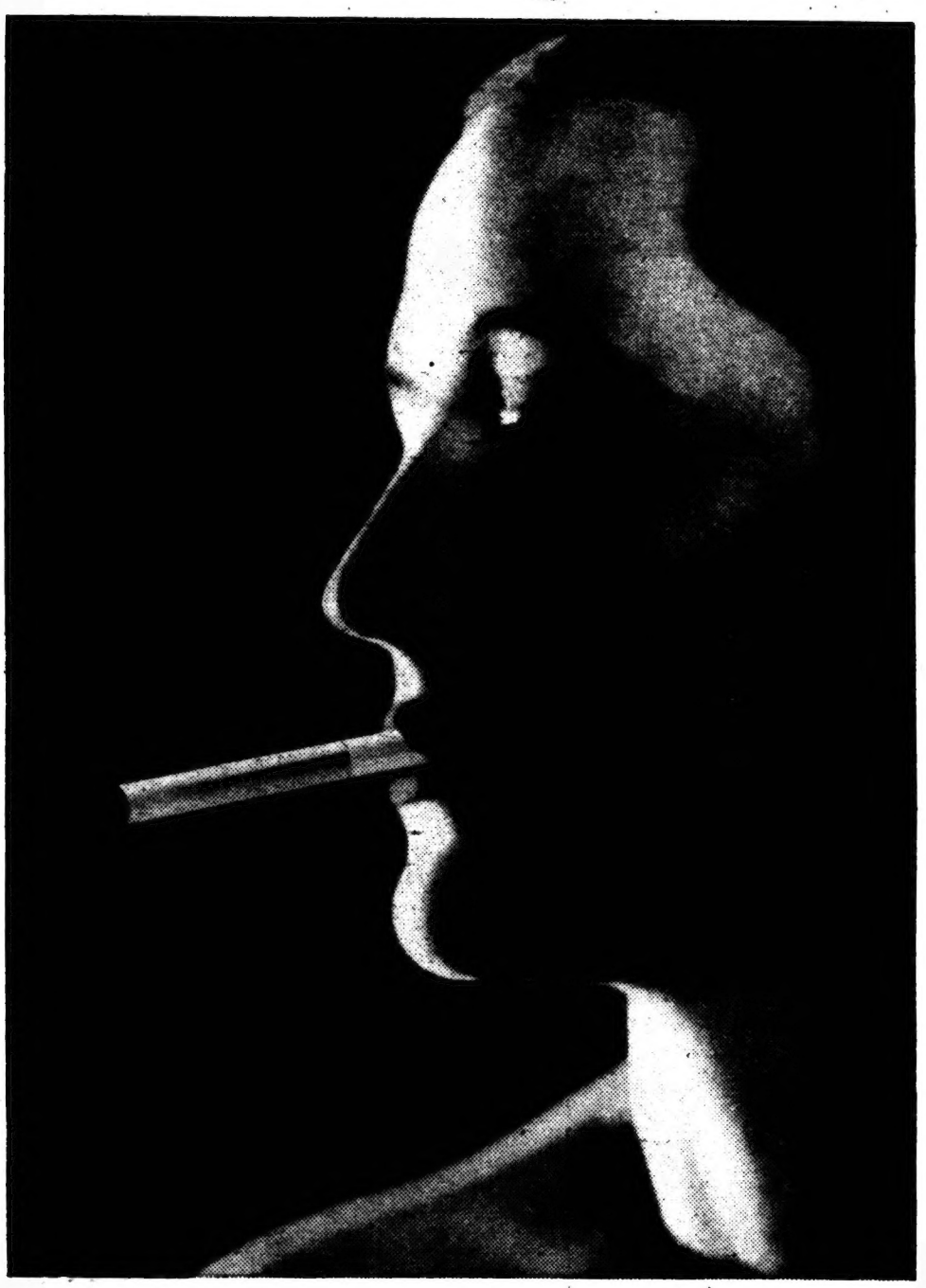
JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 19, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. L.
No. 1331.

OVER 1,500,000 CERTIFIED SALE

De Reszke's latest



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Made of the same choice Virginia tobacco as the most expensive De Reszkes

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*Plain or 'Ivory'-tipped * 5 for 2d. 20 for 8d. * Decorated flat tins 60 for 2/-*

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 per doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue. Post free.—Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

START a Drapery Business and make money. Get our 60-page Catalogue and ABC Guide free. See page 56, telling you of 7 ways how to make money. Example of our value: Men's Socks, 3/6 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Stockings, 9/11 doz. Men's Shirts, with two collars, 30/- doz.; Ladies' Print Overalls, 5/6 doz. Children's Print Frocks, 9 -. Men's large size Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, 1/3 doz. Art Silk Stockinette Pants, 9d. lb. Ladies' Fleecy-lined Mackintoshes, 4/11 each. Our free catalogue is a treasure full of bargains. Sample Bales, 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee.—Wolfson, 48 Desk, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only). — Levy Bros., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS, A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN; BIG COMMISSION, NO RISK, AND MERCHANDISE BY A FAMOUS BRITISH FIRM. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Marvellous Bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. First in 1870, foremost to-day; over 60 years of service. Send P.C. NOW for particulars and wonderful 232-page Bargain Guide.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

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MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

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BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60% profit, any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

A GREAT DEMAND for Certificated Bookkeepers; sal. £3-£6 weekly. Expert postal tuition for public exams. Fee 8/- monthly.—Free Employment Bureau. Success assured.—Brochure FREE.—City Correspondence College (D. 9), 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

A PAYING PROFESSION. SURGICAL CHIROPODY taught thoroughly and cheaply in your own home. Qualify for the School Diploma and commence practice. Free Pros.—Director, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

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"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades sent for 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

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FREE! A specimen copy of THE EXCHANGE AND MART, the wonder bargain weekly, 2d. at all newsagents to-day. Send p.c. to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1285 free.—Dudley's, 415, Holloway Road, N.7.

"CAPTAIN" Razor Blades, Sheffield made, 1/- dozen. Several Sole Agencies open.—Dominion Steel Corporation, Ltd., Queen's Road, Sheffield.

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A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty, Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloon. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Beeks, British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

FREE with 10 blades, "CUTWELL" RAZOR BLADE ADJUSTER. Improves cutting 100%. Send 2/6.—Rennie, 37, New Oxford St., W.C.

SMALL ADVTS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, etc. Monster Parcel, 10/- or £1. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 19), 238, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

"FLIK!" Shuffler: instant and perfect shuffle. Boon to all card players. 2/- post free.—H. & A. Co., 28, Bartlett Rd., Gravesend. end. Agents wanted.

EVERY boy has an engineering instinct—the desire to build things. MECCANO, the world's greatest constructional toy, offers unlimited scope for indulging this instinct and for developing inventive talent. The 1932 MECCANO Outfits, which are far ahead of those of previous years, demonstrate more clearly than ever the methods that have made MECCANO the supreme favourite amongst constructional toys. MECCANO is, of course, all-British in origin and development. A free book, describing these outfits, can be obtained on application to Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. 20), Old Swan, Liverpool.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nightie, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approv. (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MUSICAL.

BUILD OWN GRAMOS. Save pounds. Instructions 2d., Motors, Fittings, Records, Lists free. Cash or terms.—J. B. Burt, 185, High St., S.E.6.

22/-Deposit secures your new Saxophone, Piano-Accordion, Clarinet, Bass Drum, Bal. wkly. State Instrument. Hessy's, 18-20, Manchester St., L'pool.

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This C.A.V.

NON-SPILLABLE BATTERY

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Jelly Acid Cells for Portables

This C.A.V. Jelly Acid non-spillable L.T. cell has all the advantages of the ordinary free acid battery.

Buy one—use it in turn with your present battery. You will appreciate the difference and suffer no interruption to the continuity of programmes.

Put it in any position—it is quite safe. There is no acid to spill.

You will find it more convenient with any class of Receiver.

A post-card will bring you our Radio Battery Catalogue and a useful booklet on charging and maintenance.

Have you tried the new C.A.V. Dry High Tension yet?

DEPARTMENT D4

C.A.Vandervell & Co.

WELL ST. BIRMINGHAM.

WRITE to the Mentmore Mnfg. Co., Ltd., Dept. B.J.4, Tudor Grove, Hackney, E.9, for illustrated list of "PLATIONUM" FOUNTAIN PENS, PENCILS, etc., as advertised on page 31.

GIVE her a "BURMA" GEM for Xmas! They are reproduction Jewels, as perfect in colour and brilliance as the most fabulously priced real stones. There are plenty to choose from and a selection appears in the advt. on page 24.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct from Wholesaler. Delicious specially blended Indian & Ceylon Teas. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4/8, 4 lb. 5/-, 4 lb. 6/-, 4 lb. 7/-, carr. pd. Special prices large quantities. PORTWAY TEA Co., 72, Portway, E.15.

GRAMO'S.—Make one ½ price. Instructions, drawings, 64-p. ctlg. 3d. Portable 15/6. Motors 7/6. List free.—Rexentbull, 120, Old St., London.

WIRELESS.

FREE CIRCUITS of new 2, 3 and 4-valve sets, complete with lists of necessary components sent post free.—YOUNG'S (GLASGOW), LTD., 60, STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

OAK RADIO CABINETS, nicely polished, height 36 in., hinged tops, loose backs: panel 4 x 7, 45/-, cash with order. Carriage paid.—Daventry Works, Charlotte Mews, Hull.

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BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MAKE certain of good reception from your wireless by getting "C.A.V." BATTERIES for L.T. and High Tension. The latest non-spillable cell is announced in the large advt. on page 2. A postcard will bring you a Radio Battery Catalogue and a useful booklet on charging and maintenance. Address: Dept. D.4, C.A.V. Vandervell, Ltd., Well Street, Birmingham.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with your habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful; no leather pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Free Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 60), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stop Smoking Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 4/-, Buchu etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd. Liverpool. Sp

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 Beans), 1/3. Post Free. Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and promotes its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d.—RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

ASTHMA.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You should try it. Write for free booklet No. 46J to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

FOR chronic or habitual constipation, biliousness, depression with a touch of the blues, there is a Castellan Brand remedy. Send for a free book, "The Castle of Health."—McGuffie's, Chemists, Castle Street, Liverpool.

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GANGEE OINTMENT, the wonder healer, the proved cure for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Ulcers, Sores or other troublesome skin complaints. Succeeds or money back. 2/9 post free from Gangee Products, 98, Bromham Road, Bedford.

A FREE Trial of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE and a copy of a booklet is offered to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 2.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANK ADVICE TO THE MARRIED! Read T. B. Partington in "HEALTH AND STRENGTH," every Tuesday, 3d. Specimen free.—J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

RATS & MICE QUICKLY CLEARED WITH RODINE. THEY EAT IT GREEDILY. DIE INSTANTLY. NEVER FAILS. 7½d. and 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH. (POST 3d. EXTRA.)

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. The favourite Party Sweet. Ask your Sweet Shop.

HAVE you had the latest "Black Cat" British Gift List? You can obtain a copy if you mention this paper. Write to the address in the advt. on page 4.

READERS' attention is drawn to the important information contained in the OVALTINE advt. on page 14 in this issue. For maintaining health, strength and vitality study the facts which are clearly, simply and lonically displayed before you. Note the reduced prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland!

ON page 23 readers are invited to write for the Free Catalogue of Quality Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from PARK DRIVE, or for 4d., Plain or Cork-Tipped CIGARETTES. Send a postcard now while you think of it and mention *John Bull* when writing. The address appears in the advt.

ANY of our readers who would like to have a copy of "Olde-Time Christmas Customs, Games, etc." will receive one post free on application to Messrs. Hudson & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester, if they write mentioning this paper. No less than 36 old and new Christmas games are explained, and in addition there are the finest known recipes for Christmas Pudding, Mincemeat, and a host of other good things that are all the better for being made with "ATORA," the highly nourishing and digestible Shredded Suet. "ATORA" is the modern and universal method of using Shredded Suet, and it can be thoroughly recommended also for making beefsteak puddings, suet dumplings and a host of other delicious items.

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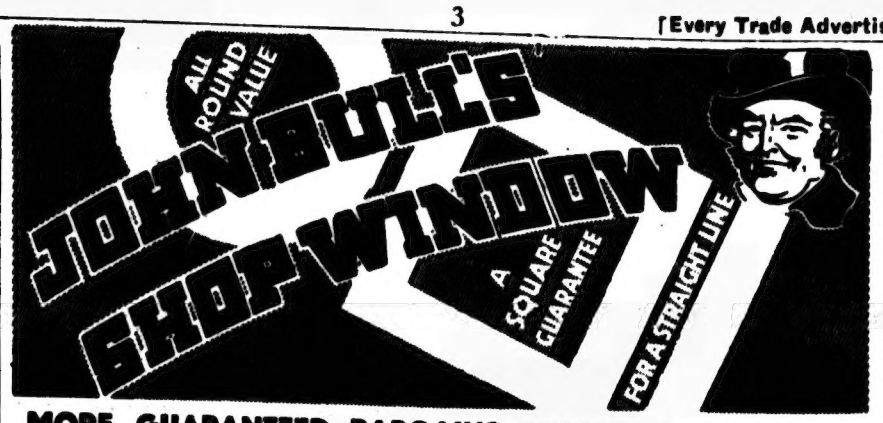
SENT FREE SOLID SILVER

GENT'S WATCH Thoroughly tested, jewelled movement, utmost precision, luminous dial. On strong leather strap. 25/6. Luminous hand and with seconds hand, 2/- extra.

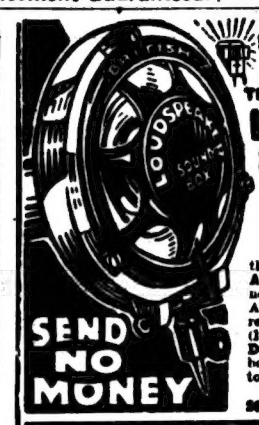
LADY'S WATCH On Moire Band, similar movement. 24/- On expanding Solid Silver Bracelet, 29/6. Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches. 2/- discount for cash with order.

A coin warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. Write for Catalogue.

ROSS & DOMINIONS WATCH CO., 2, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 31.



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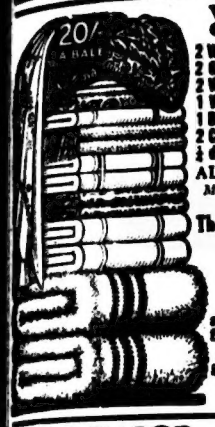
LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

SEND NO MONEY

You can transform the cheapest, weakest gramophone into a super sweet-toned instrument, equal to the most expensive cabinet model. **Amazing volume of sound.** Send no money. Send postcard only. Approved Customers pay after receiving soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or 10/- **CASH DOWN.** State whether soundbox fits in or slips over the tone-arm of your gramophone.

F. HAND & CO., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1



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2 White Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE. *Money back if not satisfied.*

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free. Cash or C.O.D. Immediate Delivery. A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Sale.

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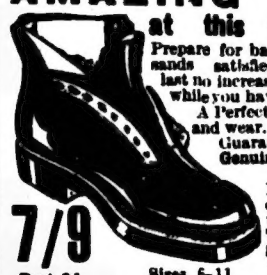

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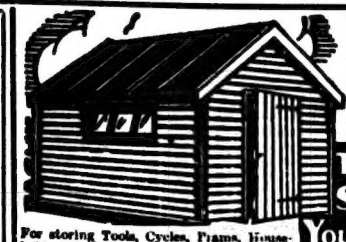
7/9 Post 9d. Sizes, 6–11.

Unobtainable elsewhere at this price. Cheaper than a Doctor.

W. E. MILLER & CO., 567-9G, Fulham Road, London, S.W.6. *Over Midland Bank*



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For storing Tools, Cycles, Frams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
5 ft.	x 5 ft.	x 6½ ft.	£3 1 0	10/8	5/7
8 ft.	x 6 ft.	x 6½ ft.	£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
10 ft.	x 7 ft.	x 7½ ft.	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

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WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing, 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

9 inches deep.

Send p.o. 4/11 now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 2084, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6 11 TO **4'11**

11 inches deep 5/11. Over 36 in. 1/6 extra. Superior quality 7 11. O.S. 9 11. Fine quality Silk Elastic 12 11. O.S. 14/11.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

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Span Roof type Sheds as above. A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. 1 in. weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

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The above articles or any of the 1,200 lots shown in our catalogues can be had **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, if preferred to **ACTUAL CASH**, when participating in the £5,000 which we are offering for advertising our goods—**Catalogue sent free to choose from.**

DON'T DELAY SEND TO-DAY GET YOUR SHARE

CITY & PROVINCIAL STORES (P.O. Box 43) Dept. J.B.10
ATLANTIC MILLS, MANCHESTER.

Send no Money!

Ladies or Gents Wrist Watches

6d. FOR POSTAGE BRINGS YOU THIS SPLENDID TIMEKEEPER ON 7 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL.

Beautifully constructed Platinum-style case with hand-assembled jewelled movement, timed to a minute per month. Each a masterpiece of watch construction carrying a ten-year written guarantee. **Gent's** size, cushion shape, with seconds hand, 24/-; with fancy luminous dial, 25/6. **Ladies' Size**, as illustrated, on Moire Band, 25/6, or on Expanding Bracelet, 27/6. No deposit required. Enclose only 6d. in stamps for postage; if entirely satisfied you pay 1/6 on receipt and 1/6 weekly, or 2/- less for cash with order.

J. W. ALLEN & CO. (Dept. 9), 376, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

15/- ORIGINAL SHOCKPROOF WATCH

This handsome Wristlet Watch will stand up to all the strains of modern working conditions—indestructible balance and unbreakable glass enabling it to be knocked or dropped without damage. A remarkable timekeeper, too, always "on" Greenwich. Chromium plated nickel cushion case, highly finished movements, enamelled clear white dial, sewn-on leather wristlet.

TERMS: 1/- down, then 2/- weekly (11/- in all) or 10/- cash down. Luminous dial 1/- extra. Send to-day. Guaranteed money back if not satisfied.

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"READICUT" RUG WOOLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS No winding, gauging or cutting up. Supplied in HANKS if preferred. 100 shades to select from.

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1/6 RUG BOOK FREE. Containing 12 coloured designs, together with free patterns of Super Cable and Super 6-fold Rug Wool, Canvas, etc. Send a p.c. to-day.

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A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given FREE to All Sufferers!

Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Lassitude, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, and similar nervous disorders. The Rivers Treatment has achieved world-wide success, and is covered by a definite Guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful book, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, without charge or obligation, to any sufferer. Write NOW and learn how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Book Dept. J.B.85), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

WADDED DOWN QUILTS *free* To advertise this complete sale for 20/-.

2 Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Lovely hand-painted Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Turkish Towels	

All double bed size.

We are giving Free of Cost a 66 x 48 Beautiful Wadded **DOWN QUILT** If cash sent with order we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings. *Money back if not satisfied.* Cash or C.O.D. Sent Carr. Free MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO., Dept. B.S., 112, Grosvenor St., MANCHESTER.

SAVE YOUR HANDS AND YOUR TIME. THE IDEAL POTATO PEELER.

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Will Uncle Sam Be Father Christmas?

Cabinet On the End of a 'Phone

We Shall Win Through

NOT as a mere formality, but in a spirit of cordial friendship and genuine hopefulness, we take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a happy Christmas.

One of the most difficult and stormy years in the history of this country is ending with the skies still clouded at home and abroad. But those clouds are no longer unbroken. Already there is a rift of sunshine, which promises the dawn of more prosperous and happier times.

• • •

Our distinguished contributor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in this week's special article, draws attention quite rightly to the parlous state of Germany and the urgent necessity of a revision of the whole war debts problem if European civilisation is to have any hope of escaping disaster.

Blood from a stone

That revision will surely take place, and President Hoover last week-end made it clear that responsible opinion in America—Europe's chief creditor—is beginning to realise the urgency of the problem.

"Let us be wise creditors and good neighbours," said Mr. Hoover. "I am sure the American people have no desire to extract any sum beyond the capacity of the debtor to pay."

• • •

Even France, most stubborn of all creditors, seems to be learning at last that she must make some concessions. This is evident from the intimation that, if she is to consider any reparations revision, this must be accompanied by a scaling down of war debts.

Britain's attitude has never changed. We remain the world's most generous creditor and most honest debtor.

Our reward

We have made great sacrifices, but we shall reap a great reward. Mr. Neville Chamberlain declared last week that there will be no Budget deficit next year and no serious deficit this.

He asserted further that, when world conditions settle down, he is confident that sterling will regain its place as the principal standard of world trade.

For all these and for many other reasons we look forward confidently to better times ahead.

Cabinet split

The Cabinet is hopelessly split over the question of Protection, and there are likely to be some Ministerial resignations early in the New Year.

The Chamberlain-Hailsham-Thomas group wants a general tariff. The Runciman-Samuel-Maclean group will not have it; they will consent only to little anti-dumping measures.

Mr. Baldwin wants peace at any price, and is trying to prevent the wild men of his party from pressing their demands too far.

• • •

But the followers of Sir Henry Page Croft and Mr. Amery feel they have the ball at their feet and will not easily be checked.

"We mean to have tariffs," they shout. "If the Liberals in the Cabinet don't like it, then out they must go."

Mr. Baldwin will have to prove himself a superman to avert the disintegration of the Government.

Their happy holiday

Ministers have been warned to keep within easy reach of London at Christmas so that they can be quickly called together if a crisis develops.

Every two or three days, also, they will receive a mass of memoranda from the President of the Board of Trade on the progress of his tariff negotiations and inquiries.

• • •

Mr. Runciman himself will be glad to get a short rest.

During the past few weeks he has been badgered by deputations from industries, large and small, which want tariffs imposed on competing goods imported from abroad.

So great has been the rush that Mr. Runciman has had to decline to see some of the deputations. Now that a breach has been made in the traditional policy of free trade every industry wants protection. But none of them produce any guarantee to safeguard the consumer in the matter of prices.

Back-door politics

The Minister of Agriculture is likely to be questioned by members of his own party in regard to a leakage of Cabinet secrets.

An agricultural society had the full draft of the wheat quota scheme before it was revealed to the House.

The danger of a protectionist system is always that legislation is planned by the responsible Minister and the vested interests, while M.P.s are waiting to give parliamentary authority to a bargain which is in effect struck behind the scenes.

The peacemaker

Lord Irwin is still doing valuable work for India. Both publicly and privately he is working for the cause of progress which he so brilliantly upheld as Viceroy.

His defence of his policy in the Lords surprised his critics. He revealed that he had considered using repressive measures, but had decided it would be folly to attempt them.

It is to be hoped that, since his name counts for so much on the side of reason in India, the Government will make further use of his services.

Snowden's surrender

We foreshadowed exclusively, some months ago, that the Government intended to kill the Land Values Tax. Mr. Chamberlain has now practically done it.

But why is Lord Snowden giving way, step by step, to an out-and-out Tory policy?

When his late colleague, Dr. Addison, wanted to introduce a wheat quota with proper safeguards, he refused to let him do it. Now he permits his newfound friends to bring in a quota without one half of those safeguards.

For forty years he denounced food taxes; they are now imposed by a Cabinet of which he is a member. He regarded the land tax as the crowning accomplishment of his career, yet he allows the Tory landlords to undo all his work. Why?

Trade treaties

Efforts of foreign governments to obtain preferential treatment under the new tariffs are doomed to failure.

One reason is that our trade policy is based on the so-called "most-favoured-nation" plan. It would be necessary to scrap every trade treaty we have made before special preference could be granted to any one country.

Besides, no engagement is to be entered into with foreign governments before the Dominions have had their say at the coming Imperial Conference.

The dead hand

The Bank Rate must come down! The failure of the Cunard Company to raise money for continuing the construction of the giant liner is one more example of the crushing effect on industry of Mr. Montagu Norman's present policy.

Industries everywhere are being forced to pay seven per cent. or more for loans. They cannot pay that at the present time and undertake new developments.

Mr. Norman refused, before the Macmillan Committee, to agree that the Bank Rate had any big effect on industry. Will he now, in view of the Cunard case, change his mind?

Give them a line

A "Means Test" applicant has been told to spend his "nest-egg" of £83 in a savings bank before applying again; a seaman, the sole support of his father and mother, was refused benefit and told to ask two married brothers to contribute.

Wanted: a clear lead from him

Yet a man with £200 in the bank has been granted benefit.

In view of these diverging decisions other towns may follow Sheffield's example and refuse to administer the "test" until the Ministry of Labour issues definite instructions for the guidance of Public Assistance Committees.

A clear lead on the subject should be given at once by the Minister of Labour, Sir Henry Betterton.

Sweepstakes coming?

Early in the New Year Sir William Davison will introduce a Bill to legalise sweepstakes in aid of hospitals and other public bodies.

Will he usher in the Sweep?

The Cabinet intend to oppose it, but Sir William has received so many assurances of support from members of all parties that the Bill will quite possibly secure an overwhelming majority. It remains to be seen if the Government will put up a stout resistance.

An Opposition win

The Government's decision to introduce legislation dealing with rent profiteering is a notable success for the Opposition.

Labour M.P.s have been hammering away at this subject ever since the new Parliament met. Mr. Maxton and his three colleagues from Glasgow led the way and they had weighty support from the Opposition Front Bench in the vote of censure debate.

But it is to be regretted, as we point out in an open letter to Mr. MacDonald, that the matter is not to be treated as an urgent problem. Thousands of poor people are desperately in need of help against the rapacity of landlords, and they want that help *now*.

Foreign consuls

The British Consular Service, unlike that of other Great Powers, still employs a high percentage of foreigners. Though many of its officials do not receive salaries, they enjoy allowances which handsomely remunerate them.

Since the Service is under the divided control of the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade, it has an unusual freedom from supervision.

Its German, Swiss, French and other foreign elements should be weeded out and replaced by Britons.

More Peers

The Premier is proposing to recommend the creation of several new peers in the New Year's Honours List.

Most of them will be Conservatives, but the "National" Labour group will be represented.

Several of the people who helped Mr. MacDonald with his party organisation during the election will be rewarded

"If You See It—" *(continued)*

Toll scandal

A joint committee appointed by the Newcastle and Gateshead Corporations to discuss the freeing of two of the Tyne's toll-hampered bridges has not met for over a year. Now the Ministry of Transport has intimated that it cannot provide any financial assistance for that purpose.

As a result, these two bridges will continue to yield unfair profits to their owners, though this might have been obviated if the local authorities had acted promptly.

The abolition of such antiquated burdens on the public is long overdue, not only on Tyneside, but throughout the country.

A bright idea

Painters and decorators in Newport (Mon.) are urging the town council to carry out the painting of schools and similar institutions in the winter instead of the summer.

They point out that there is ample private work for painters and allied workers during the brighter months, but a great number of them become idle during the winter.

This is a sensible suggestion and one that ought to be considered by all public authorities.

Where is she?

Last August JOHN BULL made emphatic complaint about the pathetic case of Mrs. Margaret Prado, wife of a Chilean naval officer who had not supported her since 1926.

Because she is no longer an Englishwoman in law, nothing can be done to assist her in this country, though her mother is aged and blind and her father cannot claim unemployment benefit.

Through our article Mrs. Prado's plight received the attention of the Chilean Government, and we now learn that she is entitled to a substantial pension.

Her last known address was 47, Brandling Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne. We should be glad to have news of her present whereabouts.

ADAMSON'S
—*El Cabagios*

Threat to barmaids

Those temperance advocates who are working for complete prohibition realise that there is little hope that their proposals to the recent Licensing Commission will be carried into effect by the present Government.

Mr. Leif Jones, President of the United Kingdom Alliance for Promoting Temperance Reform

They are therefore trying a different line. It is proposed to introduce a short Bill which would make the employment of women in the bars of licensed premises illegal.

What would become of the thousands of women thrown out of employment is a question which presumably will not be dealt with in the Bill.

A gallant lad

A Falkirk boy, James Campbell, has been awarded the Gallant Conduct Medal of the National Safety First Association for his bravery in saving a girl from serious injury when her hand was caught in a machine at the iron works where they are employed.

Heedless of his own danger, he caught hold of the driving belt, though it was travelling at a high speed, and managed to stop the machine. The girl's hand was crushed, but Campbell's magnificent action undoubtedly prevented graver injury.

Only ten such medals have hitherto been awarded, and this is Scotland's first. Campbell richly deserves the honour.

Municipal sweaters

Gateshead's decision not to insure the unemployed men engaged on a local improvement scheme has aroused much indignation among the affected workers.

They complain that they will have to work for the same amount they have hitherto received in relief. No allowances for extra food or clothing will be allowed, so that half-fed men will carry out tasks done elsewhere by fully-paid workers.

Gateshead taxpayers should, in their own interests, press for a full examination of these charges.

Incorrigible

When William Henry Huyton was sent to prison for seven years at Manchester it was stated that he had committed 140 offences of burglary, housebreaking, and theft.

But the blackest item in his record is that he continued his career of crime while being befriended by a man who gave him employment after a previous spell in jail.

We agree with the Recorder that the public must be protected from such pests. Huyton amply deserved his sentence.

Gone mad

Because the Middlesex Insurance Committee cannot agree among themselves whether a local doctor should be paid five shillings for attending a man injured in a street accident, it is proposed to incur the heavy expense of fighting the dispute in the courts though the Ministry of Health has suggested an easy way out of the difficulty.

The member who exclaimed that their action might be legally right but was morally wrong showed a sense of public responsibility that his colleagues appear to lack.

Earlier closing

The tradesmen of Blyth, the northern seaport town, have decided to close their shops earlier, believing that the present hours are unnecessarily long and can be reduced without loss of trade.

We heartily endorse this view, following, as it does, our exposure of sweated labour in shops.

Such a scheme will result, not in loss of trade, but better service from brighter and happier workpeople.

Baby beggars

A Cornish couple named Jeffries were arrested at Bristol for exposing a baby to create sympathy and with allowing it to gather alms. A police witness, who was subjected to a stream of impudent interruptions by the prisoners, said that the child was very cold and crying loudly.

Jeffries and his wife were discharged on condition that they left the city within a week.

In the name of humanity, why?

"John Bull's" radio

Wireless enthusiasts will be glad to know that JOHN BULL is broadcasting a series of special concerts from Radio Paris, commencing on Sunday night, December 27, at 10.30 p.m.

There will be an original scheme enabling listeners to enter for a cash prize of £500, which must be won.

Full particulars and programme of the first concert will appear in next week's JOHN BULL.

Make a note of the date—Sunday evening at 10.30 p.m., December 27.

Here again

We have frequently drawn attention to the business methods of Mr. W. E. Hare, who is now the proprietor of the Selwyn Knitwear Company of 32, St. Margaret's Street, Canterbury.

This firm advertises for hand-knitters and requires a sum of 15s. for the first supply of silk. Those who supply the money find that they have to make a sample boy's suit, which in many cases is rejected as being "below standard," though the maker may be an expert knitter.

Every suit thus rejected, of course, means a sale of silk at the handsome price of 15s.

Holiday profiteers

Some hotels and boarding-houses in South Coast and Scottish resorts are making considerable additions to their usual charges for Christmas and the New Year.

It is to be hoped that the "Stay in Britain" movement will result in a rush to our holiday towns, but barefaced profiteering of this kind cannot be tolerated. Eventually, too, it will react to the offenders' disadvantage.

We hope they will take the hint in time.

Any connection?

A man who is very anxious to p other people on the "road to succes is A. Watson-Whitton, of 12, Harrin ton Street, London, N.W.1. For a f of only five shillings he offers t workless personal introductions to f employers, twenty-five introductio for a pound, and so on.

He makes it plain, of course, th he cannot guarantee the finding of suitable post. He also requires pa ment in advance.

It is a pity he does not state h many jobs he has found, and p cisely what connection, if any, he h with the firms to whom he sends h clients.

Card king passes on

Hundreds of readers of JOHN Bu helped Mr. George Giddings, of Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, Lo don, to collect cigarette pictures whi were sold in the cause of charity.

Over £1,800 was raised in this w to support a cot in the children's wa of King's College Hospital.

We regret to announce Mr. Giddin death. His parents, however, a carrying on his good work until it taken over by the hospital authoriti and cards will still be welcome. Su help will be a worthy memorial to very generous man who, thou crippled, devoted himself to allevia sickness among others.

Local dictators

When application was made to t Northern Traffic Commissioners for "continuous service" of 'buses betwe two towns, was stated th the residents the distric wanted such service.

Mr. P. J. Pybus, Transport Minister

The chai man, it is sai replied that h did not mi in the slighte what th people wante and rejecte the applic tion.

There ha been co plaints of sim lar hig handedne brought to o notice. Is th feudal attitud countenance by the Minist of Transport

A fine rescue

When three infant children we trapped in a blazing Liverpool hous two men who were standing in kinema queue dashed across the stre burst open the door, and saved th children from the flames.

Then these unknown heroes hande the children to the care of a neigh bour until the parents returned an quietly resumed their places in th queue. We hope they enjoyed the show.

Back to ros' bif

Chefs in fashionable English hotel have suddenly discovered the delight of British food and cooking.

They are now praising roast bee Yorkshire pudding, porridge, and man other simple dishes which were onc despised by the snobbish.

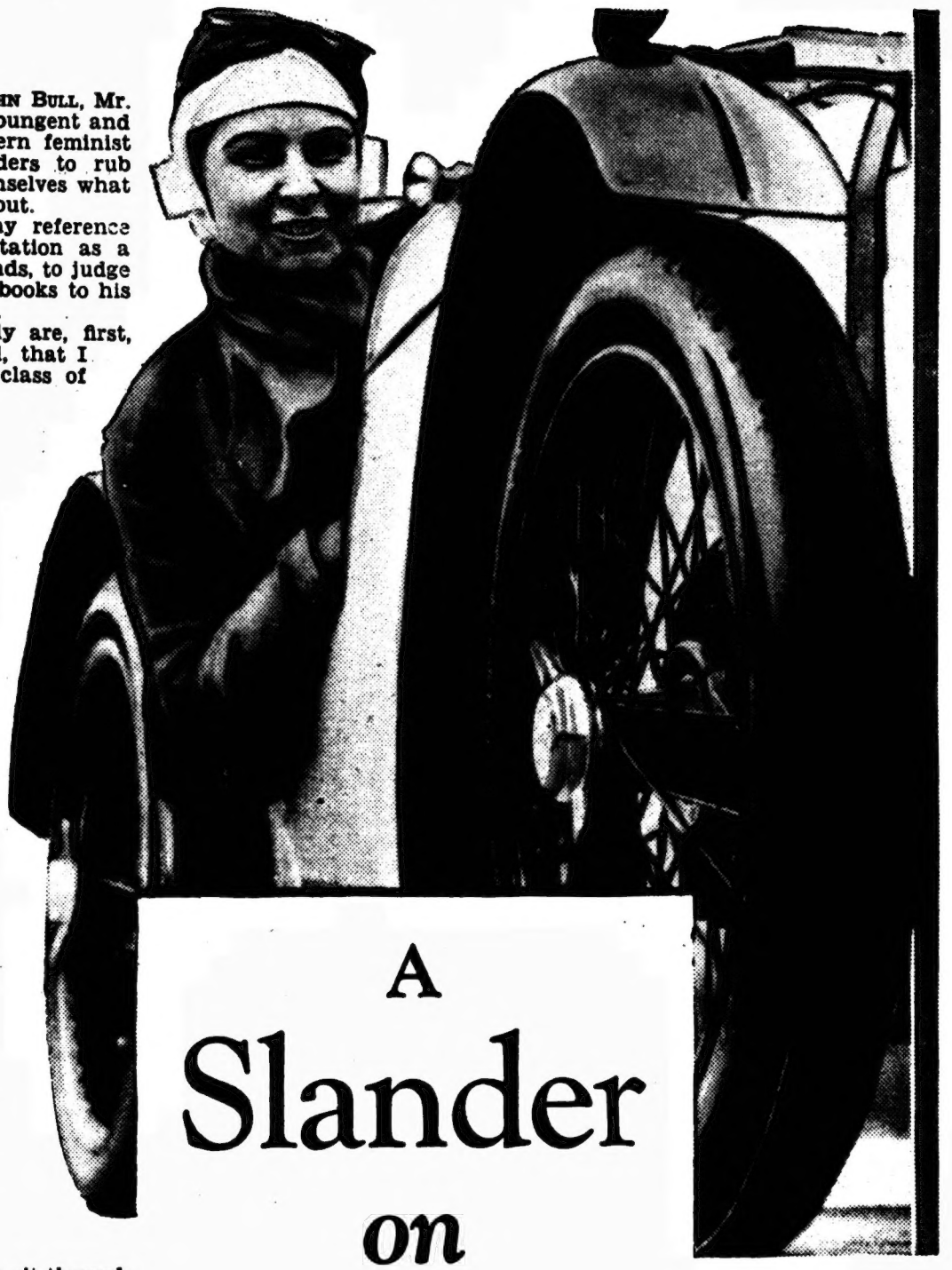
Perhaps the "Buy British" cam paign has wrought this long-overdu change?

Caution required

For a fee of four guineas Mr. G. A Bush, of "Efficiency House," Harrow Middlesex, is willing to impart all th secrets of Business Transfer.

He points out that this profession at present open to anyone, but later o admittance will be possible onl through a Governing Institute, so tha the opportunity should be seized a once. He is also certain that no othe calling offers such financial reward fo a trifling outlay.

The same claim has been made fo other types of business. It should b treated with more than a pinch of sal



A Slander on WOMEN

by the Hon. MRS. CHETWYND

(the famous racing motorist)

A FORTNIGHT ago, in JOHN BULL, Mr. Anthony Ludovici, in a pungent and forceful attack on modern feminist claims, invited its readers to rub their eyes and ask themselves what all the fuss has been about.

Now Mr. Ludovici has, as any reference work will tell you, a wide reputation as a student and critic of feminine trends, to judge at least by the imposing array of books to his credit which deal with this subject.

My sole qualifications to reply are, first, that I am a woman, and, second, that I belong to that much-advertised class of women, those to whom he will not "deny" courage in having been able to "manipulate man-made machines."

I will grant Mr. Ludovici one point only, and that is that there has been a vast amount of humbug behind what he is pleased to call "this feminist fuss."

We know better than he that the path of achievement is beset by many camera men, who have to earn their livelihood.

But thereafter I will grant Mr. Ludovici nothing. He is totally, and misguidedly, wrong, as only a male in full rein on a pet prejudice can be wrong.

MY doughty opponent starts off with an obvious misstatement. He says, "They—meaning the women—have had a straight run, and public opinion against them has long since died out."

What, I wonder, is Mr. Ludovici's idea of a straight run? Before 1919, when the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act was passed, most professions were entirely closed to women. There were only about half-a-dozen callings open to them before the War.

Even now many of the medical schools still bar women students, and Cambridge will not grant a woman a degree, although it will permit a woman to sit through a University course.

So, at the very best, we have had a "straight run" only since 1919, and our record in a matter of twelve years he sets against the male record of a thousand or so, as a proof of our general failure.

As to his naive remark that public opinion against us has long since died out, well—I ask you!

Just as often as we have had a pat on the back from the hand of an overworked news editor hard up for a nice feminine "story," so often have we had a box on the ears from pundits on the Bench and platform.

I COULD very easily fill this journal with invidious comment made during only the past two years, which has ranged from a Lord of Appeal fearing that women agricultural inspectors would be chased out of farmyards with pitchforks to yet another judge's opinion of our uselessness on juries.

Again, we are told in a resigned and gentle fashion that "where there is open competition with men, at equal pay for equal work, women cannot be expected steadily to hold their own."

In how many callings, I should like to ask, is there equality of footing concerning pay between men and women workers?

Even in our renowned and enlightened Civil Service is there any equality? There is none.

Quite recently a woman, Miss A. M. Jennings, beat every male entrant in a list of 300 in the examinations for the post of Inspector of Income Tax.

But although she will sit in judgment with her male colleagues, she will receive a matter of £150 a year less than they, for tempering the wind to the shorn taxpayer, or—more repugnant to the feminine heart—putting the wind *up* him.

The Royal Commission on Civil Servants, which recently sat, was half in favour and half against this question of equal pay. But, judging from events, the "Nays" have it. The big names and the big noises are on the side of the "Nays."

Mrs. Chetwynd's daughter Philippa

The few occasions when equality of pay was achieved, as during the war period in particular vocations, showed that women could triumphantly hold their own.

Sir Thomas Oliver, Vice-Chancellor of Durham University, responsible during the war for thousands of munition workers in the engineering shops of the Tyneside, nailed this miserable male canard the other day.

He told a learned assembly that "I found that women, after four weeks' training, were producing more than the men had been doing before the war, and that, too, in occupations which till then had been regarded as skilled trades."

Finally on this point, a letter was read at the last meeting of the British Association from a brass manufacturer:—"Women equal men in every way in the matter of efficiency. In every case their employment has effected economy."

In that last phrase the cloven hoof peeps out—"has effected economy."

On the principle that any stick will do to beat a dogma, Mr. Ludovici at last resorts to a doubtful use of statistics to make his case.

He gives the *total* numbers of women doctors, of lawyers and of architects. In giving them he ignores altogether the comparison of numbers before the war and since the war, which would appear to be the only just method of assessing achievements.

He asks pathetically what has been accomplished.

I will answer him from only one of the professions he cites. There are now about 100 women architects, not sixty, as he says. But there were only seven in 1911—which he does not say.

And one of those women, Miss Scott, one of that 100 as against the 6,640 men, secured the prize with her plan for the building of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, the plum of architectural aspiration for the last decade, against all the male competition of the country!

HE dismisses women's achievements in politics in a contemptuous paragraph in spite of Margaret Bondfield, Susan Lawrence, Lady Astor and others, and the record of half a dozen Bills, ameliorating gross evils, which have been sponsored and brought through by women M.P.s during their few slender years of Parliamentary representation.

No, Mr. Ludovici, modern feminism is not a failure. It has long since ceased even to live up to such a thundering label as "modern feminism."

But I have grave doubts as to whether there is not a cult of "modern masculinism" of which Mr. Ludovici has good claims to be an arch apostle.

May we yet, peering dimly into years ahead, see some Mr. Ludovici of the future chained to the railings of Whitehall, a male Mrs. Pankhurst, asserting gallantly his belief in the cause he has invented?

I belong to that much-advertised class of women . . . who have been able to manipulate man-made machines

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HIS ANSWER to the CROAKERS

Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President of the Board of Trade

DEAR RUNCIMAN,—Though I do not always see eye to eye with you, I realise that your position is a very difficult one and I feel that, while you are President of the Board of Trade, the extremists will not be allowed to have things all their own way.

I address this letter to you, however, to congratulate you particularly upon the cheery common sense of the speech you made last week, when you told the House that this country was not nearly so close to the edge of the precipice as some of your fellow-members would have us believe, and added to this statement your emphatic assurance that there is not the slightest danger of any food shortage.

Of course, there never has been any such dangers, but in these rather hard and difficult times the pessimists are like the Dickens fat boy—they love to make our flesh creep. The truth is that prices, speaking generally, were never more favourable to shoppers and our slogan this week ought to be "Christmas as usual."

In that spirit I raise my glass to you and wish you all the compliments of the season.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. H. DEAKIN,
Pontypool, Mon.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to congratulate you and your fellow magistrates on the Pontypool Bench.

When a man appeared before you recently on a charge of theft it was stated that it was the first offence he had committed during his life-time of seventy years. His record, in short, was that of a respectable and honest citizen.

You discharged him on payment of a small sum in costs so that no conviction should be registered against him.

That was a wise and humane action. Would that more of our magistrates showed the same generosity!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street, London

DEAR PREMIER,—I welcome your decision to deal faithfully with the soulless profiteers who sub-let rooms to people of small means, and I hope you will see your way to put through the necessary legislation early next year.

For several years I have been battering at successive Governments to make this and other reforms in the rentals of the homes of people who work for a living. I realise that it is a case for a well-considered law, carefully drafted.

Meanwhile I fear these profiteers will make havoc, knowing they are doomed. Would you not deem this a special occasion upon which to make the new law retrospective as from the date of your announced intention to act?

JOHN BULL.

Miss JOYCE COOPER,
English Swimming Champion

DEAR JOYCE,—I share your annoyance at the suggestion, made at the annual committee meeting of the Amateur Swimming Association, that "a woman swimmer" attacking a record wore an unsatisfactory costume.

You are rightly asking the Southern Counties A.S.A. for an explanation. Since you are the holder of more swimming records than any other girl, it seems possible that you are the swimmer referred to. Yet your costume was examined by an official of the A.S.A. and you have worn it at all your championship efforts both here and abroad.

Mrs. Grundy is becoming far too frequent a companion of the Association. It is not suggested that your costume was improper, and surely swimmers are entitled to put their own comfort first?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord SANKEY,
The Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—Six hundred cases down for hearing in the King's Bench Division when the Michaelmas Sittings opened in October are to be carried over to the New Year. Some of these cases were entered so long ago as last April, and it is highly probable that they will not be reached until next April—a year's delay!

This tardiness is helping to bring the whole system of litigation into disrepute. Is it not largely due to the fact that His Majesty's judges work only 185 days a year?

Is it really necessary that they should have ten weeks' holiday in the summer, six weeks at Whitsun, and other long spells at Christmas and Easter?

If business were speeded up learned judges might receive a little more sympathy in their protests against the reduction in their salaries.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. HUGO ECKENER,
Friedrichshafen

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have nothing but admiration for your enterprise and persistence in pushing your Zeppelin schemes throughout the world, but I warn you not to hope for public or Governmental encouragement in this country.

If you rent our discarded air bases at Cardington and Howden, it must be as a business proposition with the usual business risks. Britain has had enough of these suicidal gas-bags.

No doubt you will continue to run these fair-weather stunt trips for passengers who crave for thrills and have the money to pay for them. That is entirely your, and their, affair.

JOHN BULL.

Lord TRENCHARD,
Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

MY LORD,—The kinema is frequently blamed for the manufacture of criminals. Is it not time that it was utilised for their detection and apprehension, as I have previously urged?

Hundreds of habitual criminals walk our streets evading arrest who, though they may be known by sight to members of the C.I.D., are not easily recognisable to the uniformed police on patrol.

I suggest that a hundred feet of kinema film, recording not only the features, but the carriage and gait of a criminal, would be an effective supplement to the posed full-face and profile photographs issued from Scotland Yard.

What is your opinion, Commissioner?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. GORDON,
Mayor of Jarrow

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your condemnation at Jarrow Police Court of the practice of receivers of stolen goods tempting unemployed youths to steal. The lives of young people are being ruined by scoundrels who make substantial profits from their despicable work.

Receivers are actually increasing in number, and it is in the public interests that, when they are caught, heavy punishment should be meted out to them. In the case before you, however, you fined one man £10 and two women £5 each, with the alternative of a short term of imprisonment. Why give them the chance of escaping with a fine?

This evil trade can be stamped out only by rigorous measures. We hope you will match your timely words by imposing long sentences next time!

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. DUFF COOPER, M.P.: "The greatest evil of the world is fear."

It should be treated as a contagious disease which all decent folk are careful not to spread.

* * *

SIR HENRY MAYBURY: "It is questionable whether in any of the great cities of the world there is a traffic movement quite equal to that of London."

Perfectly simple, my dear Watson—just observation and deduction!

* * *

DR. CATHERINE GAVIN: "The business man is a figure as romantic and glamorous as any."

Hum. . . . No doubt. We're reading some prospectuses, too!

* * *

MR. CYRIL MAUDE: "Every village in Devon, and, I strongly suspect, the rest of the world, has its born actors and actresses."

Every girl baby "vamps" her father and every boy baby plays Hamlet with his mother.

Not from the B.B.C.—RICHARD TAUBER, the Austrian singer, on

Troubles of a Temperamental Tenor

I AM a tenor, tra-la-la!
'Tis my unhappy fate
To live by singing. *When* I sing
Rich noises through the ether ring
My hearers to elate;
Choice notes soar to a dizzy height;
I'm ev'rybody's Heart's Delight.

But any blade may lose its edge,
A boxer's punch its force,
And tenors' nerves are not immune
From getting badly out of tune,
Their throats from going hoarse;
Like lead become their notes of gold—
And sometimes, too, their feet grow cold!

When these things happen, tra-la-la,
The tenor's cake is dough;
His glamour's gone; his name is mud;
Before a "dear," he's now a "dud";
And, wallowing in woe,
He cannot even curse his fate
Until his voice returns—too late!

Ach; it is not what you call all the beer and the scuttles being a tenor. Because I sing not to 7,000 people who waited at the Albert Hall, they say it wasn't my throat that kept me away, but my temperament.

I tell a reporter that the day before the concert I drive to your Albert Hall and when I see it, so very big, I come over nervous. But vat 'of it? That would not have stopped me singing if my throat had been in vat you call the good nick. But it vasn't; it was in the Old Nick.

I lofe your English audiences; but your English fogs they are the very tefil! I sing at Glasgow and there is a fog; I go to Birmingham and my dressing-room he is not at the right temperature.

I feel cold—tefilish cold; not only in the foots, but all over. Then my throat he gets bad. My doctor say I could sing, but I know one better. I could not have sung at the Albert Hall like a 100 ber cent. Tauber—so I go for car drive instead!

My manager he say I lost my temper. I say I lost my voice; beoples who came from the country to hear me say they lost their fares—it is all very sad!

* * *

I not can help it if my throat turn the dog on me! It is my so great misfortune to have a temperament in laryns. I never know when he go on strike—like he did at Drury Lane and Folkestone.

But listen to what I tell you: it shall never be said that Richard Tauber disappointed his admirers—or his bank manager.

So dry your eyes! Be of good cheer!
I will return to sing next year—
Unless my ills prove chronic!
For, though I do not like your cold,
I love to change my notes for gold
To spend on joys Teutonic.

So when the sun has ousted rain,
Herr Tauber will be here again
With items grave and skittish—
Unless of songs in foreign tongues
You tire, and, trying home-made lungs
You take to buying British!

A Most Colossal CRIME

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Christmas that is nearly here will be a hard Christmas in every land—in England, in America, in Australia, everywhere. It will be hardest of all in Germany.

Dr. Bruening's last desperate step to stave off revolution and financial chaos has taken the shape of such savage increases of taxation and reduction of wages that Germany, with her five million of unemployed, is like a beleaguered city in the final stages of exhaustion.

Can she hold out, or will catastrophe come before deliverance can come? The answer may come at any moment. It cannot be postponed beyond February.

And if you ask "Why worry about Germany?" I reply that the fate of Germany is your fate and the fate of every country on earth. For Germany is the centre of the blizzard that has swept the world, and until Germany is delivered the blizzard will continue to rage. It will rage until European civilisation is laid in the dust.

How can deliverance come?

Mad proposition

Before we can answer this question we must be clear in our minds as to the root cause of the calamity from which the world is perishing. There are many contributory causes, but they all spring from the same root.

That root is the Peace of Versailles, the "Peace with a vengeance," the most colossal crime in history.

It was worse than a crime. It was a blunder. It was based on the mad proposition that one country could bear the whole financial consequences of the war. Germany was to be disarmed and ringed round with bayonets. She was to pay £24,000,000,000. She was to be squeezed "till the pips squeaked."

I denounced that crime at the time and was denounced for denouncing it. Yet the authors of the crime themselves knew that the thing was impossible. They knew that Germany was bankrupt like the rest. But they played down to the vulgarest mob mind and the French passion for revenge.

And for twelve years the world has been struggling to escape from the chains that were forged at Versailles. To-day we all know that those chains have not strangled Germany alone. They have strangled every nation on the earth.

Back it went

Let us briefly glance at the stages of this cosmic tragedy. Germany, as every expert knew, could not pay the gigantic burdens put upon her. She could only pay with money or with goods. She hadn't the money, and the world would not take her goods. Tariff walls sprang up all over Europe and most of all in America.

The only way to enable Germany to pay was to pour money into her. She borrowed and borrowed and borrowed, mainly from America, and as her borrowings flowed in at one end they poured out at the other in a stream of war debts and reparations.

These went mainly to France in the shape of reparations and to the United States in the shape of war debts. We enjoyed none of them, for what we received was passed on to the United States to pay the debts we had incurred for our Allies.

One consequence of this stupendous folly was that the world's gold supply became absorbed by France and America, and buried in their vaults. With its withdrawal from the currencies of the world, the motive power was taken out of the machine of international trade.

Gold being hoarded became dear; commodities became cheap. The producer everywhere was ruined, for he could not sell at a price which covered his costs. And being ruined himself he could not buy.

Added to all this, and due in a measure to all this, was the frenzy of tariffs that became aggravated with the collapse of trade. The more the world market was blocked, the more the countries sought to live on their own fat.

America totters

Then came the collapse. Values crashed in America, crashed in Europe, crashed everywhere. The loans to Germany stopped. Currency exchanges were in chaos. Financial stringency became universal. Credits of governments and banks alike were locked in an arctic frost.

The criminal blunder perpetrated at Versailles and persisted in for a dozen years had run its full course. It had ended in the paralysis of world trade, and the collapse of world finance. Germany and Austria were bankrupt, but the ruin did not end there. Every country was stricken.

Even the richest of all the creditor countries, the United States, in spite of its unparalleled accumulation of gold, found itself plunged into economic disaster, more swift, more devastating than anything in its history.

The bolt fell last summer. In a moment the peril of a universal catastrophe was revealed, and Mr. Hoover, with the world trembling on the brink of the abyss, proposed a year's moratorium for war debts and reparations.

France, of course, resisted this first gleam of sanity, but the position was so desperate that the resistance was overborne. Not only so, but a "stand-still" agreement was arranged by the creditors who had lent Germany money on short-term loans, and this gave her a breathing-space until February.

Into the vortex

Now the sands are running out. It is only six weeks to the end of the stand-still agreement, only six months to the end of the Hoover year of grace. The peril that overhangs Germany is unrelieved.

Politically, she is on the brink of revolution towards which the policy of the Allies under the direction of France has ceaselessly driven her. If that revolution is accomplished and Hitlerism and Communism are left to fight over the wreck of the German Republic, we may bid farewell to world recovery in this generation.

Germany must have a renewal of the respite that was given last summer. The committee that is sitting at Basle has the whole facts of Germany's financial position before it and can be in no doubt on that point.

Both the stand-still agreement and the Hoover moratorium for war debts and reparations must be continued.

France is insisting on the sanctity of her reparations. She does not mind what happens to the short-term loans, for she is not involved in them. That is America's and England's pigeon. But the reparations are hers and they are sacred.

The avarice of France cannot for ever be allowed to stand in the way of the peace and prosperity of the world. And even *she* must succumb to the argument that she will not benefit by making Germany a corpse—and a very uncomfortable corpse for herself.

But it is not enough to get the breathing-space renewed. The time has come when the world must insist that the curse of the Versailles Treaty shall be lifted from it for ever.

War debts and reparations have brought it to the brink of ruin. While they continue to bedevil the affairs of men there is no hope for the revival of Germany or of the return of prosperity to the earth.

The curse must be swept away, ruthlessly, relentlessly, finally.

We may as well make a virtue of necessity. For whether we sweep the debts away or not, one thing is certain: They will never be paid again!

"French passion for revenge"—the President of the Republic

"Last desperate step."—Dr. Bruening (below)

Homely Wisdom by

CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A Bad Patch

IN the journey of life there comes to most of us a weary stretch, long or short, which we look back upon in after years as the worst.

There may be more than one such period; but few of us would say that the whole of our earthly pilgrimage from start to finish has been hard and dreary. There is sunshine on the road, even in the sternest lot, or we should not be willing to see it through. The fact that most people do keep on in spite of difficulties is proof that they find life livable.

Still, there is always that bad patch to be thought about: we cannot escape it. Come it will, and the practical question for us in such a case is how we shall get over it.

For some of us—the majority, I am inclined to think—youth is the hardest time. Some gifted personalities succumb then, and their early promise remains unfulfilled. It was of one of these, greatly beloved, but not equal to the struggle and strain of existence, that Longfellow wrote:

> He the young and strong who cherished
> Noble longings for the strife,
> By the wayside fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life.

It is not only courage that cracks in these conditions, but moral toughness. There are big men in jail to-day who fought their way up from small beginnings and came to grief when past their prime. They had pluck enough to make their way in early manhood with no one to help them, but the moral flaw showed itself in later years when they feared to lose their gains.

It is not easy to say what a man will do when he gets in a tight corner. That is the testing time. It is far harder to come down in the world than to climb up, though most people believe the contrary. One of the worst of the bad patches is that of being in debt, and there is plenty of it just now; one is constantly hearing about it.

Dr. Campbell and his grandchildren.

There are some who have no gift for managing money, however small their domestic budget; they would always be in difficulties if they were millionaires. And there are others who can make a few shillings a week go farther than their neighbours know how to do.

But what is to happen when there is nothing at all coming in, the rent to be paid, an ailing baby to be tended, sickness and death in the home, and no prospects of betterment? Many a good husband and wife have got into a morass at such a crisis and never succeeded in getting out of it.

Well, there is always one thing to be done when the going is rough and skies are dark. Never allow yourself to believe that that is the whole of life and that you will never tread a sunny path again. Never fall below your best when things are at their worst; let no one be the weaker because of your failure in strength and cheer.

> For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
> The black minute's at end.

ROUND TABLE RAJAH Exposed

HOTEL proprietors and landlords of exclusive service flats are complaining bitterly of the manner in which they are taken advantage of by some of the Indian dignitaries who come to this country on important missions as privileged political guests.

One residential hotel in the West End of London, for instance, has been victimised by four different Indian visitors in recent months, one of whom was officially here for the Round Table Conference. Yet the hotel management has been unable to obtain any satisfaction.

Others protest that they are often called upon to reserve expensive suites for dignitaries who never put in an appearance and who ignore all communications on the subject. In such case there is no one who can be held responsible for the costly preparations that have been made in vain.

By far the most glaring example to be brought to our notice involves certain high officials of the India Office and one of the richest and most exalted ruling princes of India and his retinue.

His Highness

While the financial aspect of all these complaints is of considerable moment to those concerned, there is a broader issue with which we propose to deal in the public interest. The central figure is His Highness Major Rais-un-Daula Sipahdar-ul-Mulk, Maharajadhiraz Sri Sawai Maharaj Rana Sir Udai Bhan, Singh Lokindra, Bahadur Diler Jang Jai Deo, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O., whom, for the sake of brevity, we will call H.H. the Maharajah of Dholpur.

Though His Highness is fabulously rich, with a resplendent palace at Dholpur—and recently built a vast compound, electrically illuminated for nocturnal big game hunts—he or his agent has steadfastly refused to pay a large hotel bill which has been outstanding since the occasion of last year's Round Table Conference.

Prior to his much-heralded arrival, arrangements were made on His Highness' behalf for several suites to be set aside for him and his retinue in a block of service flats in the West End of London, convenient for the Conference.

The owners, who specialise in letting individual flats and suites, were put to considerable inconvenience in making arrangements on the scale demanded.

But they faithfully carried out instructions, even though it involved turning down applications from less distinguished visitors during a busy London season.

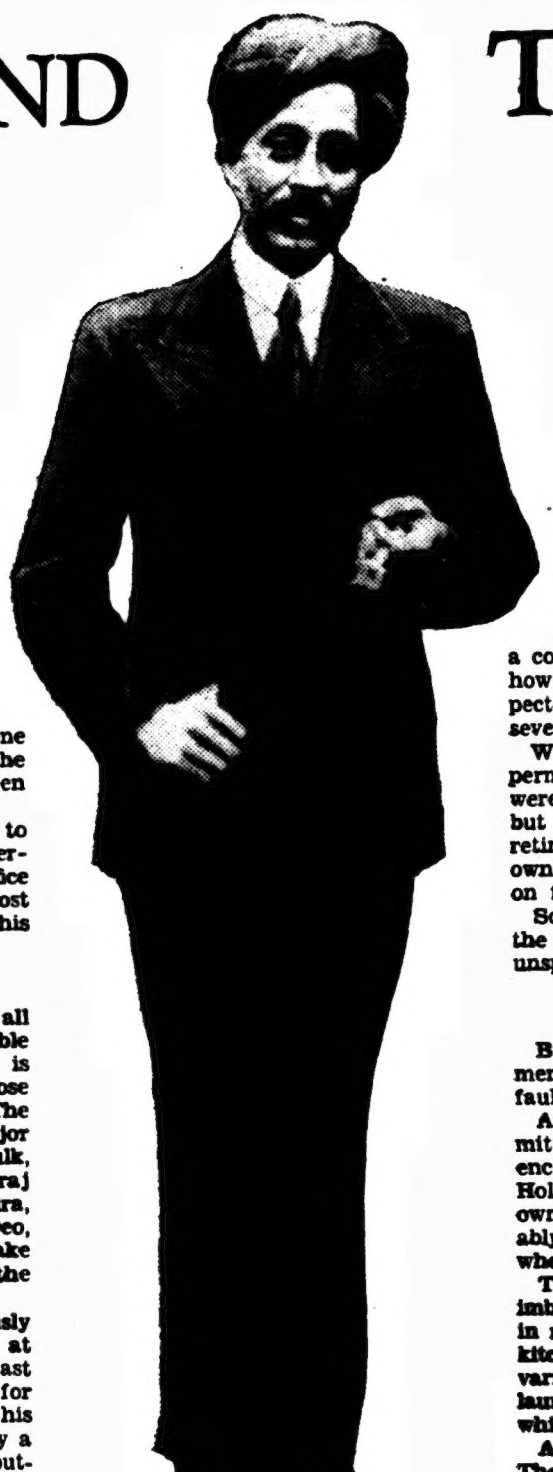
The big rush

The reservations asked for actually covered October and November.

The proprietors never for one moment suspected that there would be any hitch in the arrangements which were carried out under the personal instructions of Sir Robert Holland, K.B.E.

Sir Robert is a great authority on Indian affairs, and has occupied many high Government posts in India. At the time we are considering he was a member of the Indian Council at the India Office, and inspected the suites during their preparation.

Such an unusual reservation called for exceptional considerations. Rooms normally occupied by one or two people had to be prepared for several native servants; much additional linen was necessary and various Eastern utensils were installed.



He's a prince and fabulously rich; but will he pay now?

The seven or eight suites desired were ready to time; then various difficulties were experienced.

After the first arrangements had been completed Sir Robert Holland and a distinguished lady who assisted him in the negotiations announced that a special kitchen would be required for the exclusive use of the Maharajah's cooks.

This meant a fresh rush. Builders and decorators were brought in to transform a staff room into a kitchen; furniture had to be removed and placed in storage and a special stove and utensils had to be installed in its place. It was promised that due allowance would be made for all this additional expenditure.

So, on this assurance, everything necessary was done—to the complete satisfaction of Sir Robert Holland and the other distinguished people engaged in supervising the arrangements.

Some days before the Maharajah's arrival, another prince—His Highness the Maharajah of Rewa—arrived with his retinue and took up residence in the same building in apartments similarly booked for him.

He and his staff were quite satisfied with the arrangements made for them.

Then, after two postponements, the Maharajah of Dholpur suddenly arrived. With him was a younger brother, his Prime Minister, a bodyguard and a number of followers.

From that moment real trouble started. The arrangements made on his behalf and at his request by the distinguished India Office official were apparently not to his liking.

Some of the retinue of His Highness were far from dignified in their deportment and created a commotion. They rudely demanded how their exalted master could be expected to entertain lavishly with *only* seven suites at his disposal!

Within a few hours the proprietor's permanent staff of the establishment were threatening to leave in a body; but the next day His Highness and his retinue "walked out," leaving the owners with seven untenanted suites on their hands.

Some of the apartments occupied by the prince's followers were left in an unspeakable condition.

The other Conference

But if His Highness's requirements had not been satisfied, whose fault was that?

An account was in due course submitted to the prince. After conferences with his secretary and Sir Robert Holland it was much reduced, and the owners finally received a sum considerably lower than that fixed as rental when the suites were first engaged.

The proprietors have not been reimbursed one penny for their outlay in respect of the specially constructed kitchen, as promised, to say nothing of various goods supplied, fires, telegrams, laundry, gas account and other items which totalled nearly £200.

A long correspondence has followed. The India Office is only able to say that it regrets that it can do nothing as the matter is solely one for His Highness the Maharajah, the arrangements having been on his behalf.

Between one of the Maharajah's secretaries and the owner of the suites there was a dramatic little "round table conference" in Sir Robert Holland's room at the India Office.

It was pointed out that the account for additional rental and expenses had been whittled down to the barest minimum. The secretary promised to see His Highness.

Unmoved

Months passed, during which the owner, now contemplating court proceedings to recover the just dues, learned that a ruling prince cannot be sued.

Appeals to Lord Sankey and Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, have been in vain. Sir Samuel declares that he can do nothing because Sir Robert Holland acted in a purely private capacity and in no way on behalf of the India Office.

That Sir Robert's sympathies lie with the owner is clear from his letters in which he declares: "I am grieved to hear that nothing has been done. . . . I have written a most moving letter to India. . . ."

We happen to know that he has also been in touch with a very influential man in India, urging him to assist in putting the matter right.

A few months ago the Maharajah of Dholpur returned to London for the resumed Round Table Conference, and though debt collectors waited upon him at his hotel, sometimes spending a whole day there, they could not get beyond his bodyguards.

He was variously suffering from "toothache" or "a chill," and when his secretary was finally interviewed and asked for half the sum claimed on account, he regretted that nothing could be done until His Highness returned to India and consulted the papers relating to the affair.

There the matter rests.

Surely it is a monstrous thing that English business people should be called upon to make elaborate preparation for the reception of privileged political visitors from abroad and be treated in this shameful fashion!

He Abandons All Hope

LEONARD WINTER, of Penton Place, Walworth, is only thirty-two, but more than ten of the last fifteen years of his life have been spent in prison.

This Christmas will, in fact, be only the second one during which he has had his liberty since he was seventeen.

So often had he been to jail that all hope of his reformation seemed to have gone for ever.

When he last left prison, however, Winter was determined to quit the crime game. The experienced managers of an ex-prisoners' help society believed in his renunciation, and he bought apparatus to become a street photographer.

Four days later he was rearrested at Westminster—for causing obstruction with his camera. When told the story of the young ex-convict, the Bow Street magistrate refused to send him back to prison.

With the prospect of his new means of livelihood gone, Winter, without a penny in his pocket, had to choose between reverting to crime and applying to the Ministry of Labour for unemployment benefit.

He was entitled to benefit in respect of his insurance cards being fully stamped for sixteen months' work at road-mending, so he chose this course.

When he appeared before the Court of Referees to have his claim heard Winter was told that he had not sought to earn a livelihood in insurable employment.

Winter protested in vain that he had tried hard to earn money honestly and had been driven only as a last resource to apply for the "dole."

With money he had earned in prison he had paid for training as a motor driver, but his instructors had been unable to recommend him for work because they had become aware of some incidents in his career.

The referees promptly revealed that they, too, were aware of these "incidents." They produced his record of sentences and rejected his claim.

Workless, penniless and harried, what choice will Winter now make?

It is startling to find that the police record of a man who has paid the penalty of his crimes should have been handed over to the Ministry of Labour.

If you'd mingle on equal terms with these society people Mr. Alexandra knows how to guide you. At least, so says Mr. Alexandra

Exposed by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS—

A *Queer* MIXED Club

THE social aspirant in a hurry has always been easy prey for the harpy.

With some concern I have watched the great multiplication in recent months of so-called clubs and societies which have been brought into existence ostensibly to effect social introductions.

Very little enquiry was needed to confirm my suspicion that the promoters of most of these enterprises were men and women whose names or aliases are in my files of tricksters and shady money-makers.

I have special reason to give warning against one body of the kind which began its activities only a few days ago.

This is a concern which calls itself the Friendly Pen Club, with an address at Grosvenor Court, Knightsbridge, London.

Its purpose is to introduce its members personally to what are described as "pen friends" of both sexes at home or abroad.

Introductions to London's social and intellectual life, I read, will also be arranged for provincial and foreign visitors to the capital.

In addition, companions will be found for all sports, bridge parties, dances, theatres, concerts, holidays and the like, while parties will be arranged for Ascot and the other brilliant events of the London Season.

Know this man—

Members are also to be put in touch with each other if they have mutual interest in music, art, literature and New Thought, whatever that may be.

If people are willing to pay subscriptions and fees for this kind of thing, no one would seek to prevent or criticise them. But before they part with money to the Friendly Pen Club they should know something about the methods and history of the man who has founded it.

He is Arthur Charles Alexandra, of Tenterden Drive, Hendon.

During the past six weeks Alexandra, a plump and cheery little man of sixty, with cherubic features and innocent blue-grey eyes, has been conducting a similar club which came to a hurried and ignominious end only a day or two before he launched the Friendly Pen Club.

The name of this unfortunate venture was the Social Introduction and Correspondence Club, and the circumstances of its birth and brief life are somewhat remarkable.

At an excellent address in the Eaton Square district of Belgravia, the wife of a retired Army officer of senior rank, who is a county magistrate, has for some years acted as hostess, chaperone and social sponsor during the London Season.

Alexandra, representing himself to be the son of a wealthy gentleman farmer in Northumberland, called upon this lady.

He had only recently, he said, retired from important posts in connection with submarine and aircraft construction.

The magnificent motor-car in which he arrived, Alexandra also related, was only one of his private fleet.

Casually, he let it be known to the lady that he had immense territorial interests in Lincolnshire, and from his lands came the medicinal spring waters which were used in the cure of the King when His Majesty was seriously ill some years ago.

These waters were now in such popular demand that he was assured of an automatic income of £40,000 yearly in royalties on sales.

Having retired from active business, Alexandra proceeded, he now sought fresh interests as a recreation. A pleasant diversion, he thought, would be the formation and management of the Social Introduction and Correspondence Club, and for that purpose the house in Belgravia and his own town house at Hendon, which was beautifully furnished with precious antiques, could be used.

Good-bye, Belgravia!

As a token of faith, he invited the lady to subscribe equally with him in providing the capital for the club. She gave him her cheque.

Alexandra promptly cashed it on his own account, but, almost needless to say, his own contribution was never paid.

In a few days he had installed himself in Belgravia with a secretary and typist.

Advertisements of the advent of the club began to appear in the Press and applications for membership arrived steadily.

This went on for about six weeks, until the lady whose premises Alexandra was using asked him bluntly why he had not paid his share of the capital and requested him to account for the moneys received.

Proper explanations not being given, she intimated that the matter would be placed before her lawyers for investigation.

Alexandra packed up and went, omitting even to pay the salary of the secretary.

Scarcely had he gone before curious facts began to emerge. The lady found, for instance, that he had made a rubber stamp of her signature and had signed all documents and letters with it.

The cheques received from members on behalf of the club had been negotiated through a bank account of which she knew nothing and endorsed in her name with a signature which she never wrote.

I shall watch him

So died in less than two months the Social Introduction and Correspondence Club, the members of which have never met, and never will meet under Alexandra's auspices.

For ten years, to my knowledge, Alexandra has been an indefatigable rascal, promoting worthless companies which he speedily brought to disaster and separating people from their money by fanciful tales.

Once he took £5,000 from people to make them managers of engineering agencies, and he has profited at the expense of a host of investors and creditors of some queer and inglorious companies.

On more than one occasion I have had to call the attention of the authorities to the financial escapades of Alexandra, who is still awaiting his discharge from two sorry bankruptcies. Women have lately been his special victims.

I intend to watch him in his new rôle of society guide.

* * *

SWEEPSTAKES

I am inundated with enquiries as to whether various sweepstakes are genuine. My reply is: Do not participate in *any* sweepstake which is not conducted in accordance with the law. Personally, I know of none.

Snares FOR Society Climbers

Will-o'-the-Wisp Williams

IF you are trying to sell your car through the medium of a small advertisement, be on your guard against "Will-o'-the-wisp Williams." He's a crook who is always cropping up in fresh places, and he collects cars wherever he can.

He called upon a Wandsworth man recently in answer to an advertisement which the latter had inserted, and introduced himself as Mr. A. G. Williams, "motor dealer," of Croydon.

Believing him to be a *bona-fide* purchaser, the advertiser permitted Williams to inspect the car he had for sale, and was duly impressed by the workman-like manner in which the alleged dealer tested the engine.

He was so impressed, in fact, that he accepted a cheque for £165 on the spot, allowing Mr. Williams to drive away.

The cheque, which is drawn upon the Croydon branch of a prominent bank, has come back inscribed "No Account."

It is now established that it is one taken from a stolen book, but meanwhile Williams is pursuing his wicked game of acquiring cars in this highly economical fashion.

He is unknown as a dealer, but many other victims know him as Fred Whittington, in which name he has carried out swindles in various parts of London, including Penge, Lambeth, Paddington and Stoke Newington.

Your Last Chance

JOHN BULL'S Christmas Gift for 1931 is breaking all records! Those of our readers who wish to participate in the offer should make application immediately. This is the last chance they will receive before Christmas. Turn to page 36—now.

He *Certainly* Collects!

MANAGERS of business firms should warn their staffs to be on the look out for a grey-haired commercial traveller of fifty who claims to represent a London debt-collecting agency.

This is the role adopted by a man named P. Ellison O'Neill, who is at present active in various London districts.

Recently he called upon a firm and tendered a business-card bearing the inscription "Commercial Correspondence," and giving an address in New Bond Street, London.

He explained that his company specialised in collecting debts, and, to increase its membership, was making very generous concessions. For a flat fee of half a guinea it would undertake to collect any debts entrusted to it by way of trial, and its past record was such that this offer could be made with every confidence.

In this way he obtained 10s. 6d. on the spot, and he has obtained similar fees from numerous other firms.

His story is a tissue of lies; he represents no debt-collecting agency and has simply devised this scheme for raising easy money.

Descriptions vary, but all his victims have noticed that he wears glasses, is inclined to stammer slightly and walks with a limp.

We shall be interested to hear from anyone who may be able to furnish further information or throw light on his latest movements.

Tragedy OF THE Beloved Doctor

"We should like to see this fine old family practitioner restored to the Medical Register."—Dr. Thomas Francis Roche

THE widely-reported case of a Kingston-on-Thames medical man, struck off the Register after seven other doctors in his district had complained that he had canvassed for patients, has aroused considerable indignation.

At the same time it affords yet another example of the ruinous autocracy of the General Medical Council, a body which arrogates to itself powers as sweeping in their effect as those of the old Inquisition.

From investigations we have made, it is clear that the medical man concerned, Dr. Thomas Francis Roche, is gaining immense sympathy.

A monster petition has been prepared and 5,000 signatures have already been obtained, while every post brings Dr. Roche letters expressing amazement at the General Medical Council's decision.

These letters reveal Dr. Roche as a much-loved family practitioner, who undoubtedly enjoys the confidence and affection of hundreds of panel and private patients.

Now this case is of far more than mere local significance. It involves an issue of wide public interest—the possibility of any medical practitioner being suddenly debarred on very trifling pretexts from serving the public and gaining a livelihood.

In the words of the petition now being so widely supported, the action of the General Medical Council has deprived the public of "a brilliant medical practitioner, whose speciality was kindness and consideration for the poor."

Damning indictment

We can appreciate the General Medical Council's zealousness in wishing to keep the profession free from scandal; we would always applaud their exclusion of undesirable practitioners.

The enquiry involving Dr. Roche was the outcome of complaints lodged with the General Medical Council by seven Kingston doctors.

But we would remind the G.M.C. that they owe a duty to the public as well as to the medical profession.

The petitioners in the present instance are appealing for themselves as much as for the doctor they love and respect.

On the definite ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and paying tribute to the doctor's ability, geniality and consideration for the working classes, they ask that some steps be taken "to repair our loss."

The facts form a damning indictment against this system of condemnation by committee.

Doctor Roche is sixty-four years of age and has been in practice for thirty years. He is a medical man of wide and varied experience, and wherever he has gone he has built up a big practice swiftly.

The losers

Many people can be found to testify to his pleasing personality, kindliness, generosity and skill.

"Please accept my deep sympathy and utmost confidence in your sad predicament," writes one patient. "I do hope we shall soon have you with us and our children again" is the declaration of another.

A third expresses thanks for great kindness during a long and severe illness; a fourth is appalled by "this dastardly treatment," and declares himself "yours devotedly and thankfully."

A mother, writing from the heart, begs the doctor to cheer up, and adds: "My little girl loves you."

When Doctor Roche was brought before the General Medical Council to answer the allegations of having canvassed personally or through agents, very scanty evidence was heard.

The public should be told that though Doctor Roche has built up a practice numbering thousands in the course of three years or so, only five somewhat doubtful allegations of canvassing were brought forward.

Even if it is assumed that Dr. Roche was technically guilty—though we are far from satisfied that he was—there is no doubt that he has been harshly dealt with.

Wanted—a fair deal

If the General Medical Council considered that Dr. Roche or some representative had canvassed on isolated occasions, surely a reprimand and a period of probation would have sufficed.

To blight a medical man's career at the age of sixty-four, and after thirty years of devotion to humanity, is a punishment which should only be applied in cases where a doctor has sinned against the public he serves.

At the most, the allegations against Doctor Roche constitute nothing more than a breach of professional etiquette, and we should like to see this fine old family practitioner restored to the Medical Register.

Sir Norman Walker, the President of the General Medical Council, should reconsider this case immediately.

THEY'RE PLEASED

The "JOHN BULL Christmas Annual" is gaining favour everywhere. Here is one unsolicited opinion from a Beckenham reader:—

"We enjoyed every word of it. The stories have the very real merit of originality, as well as being very attractively told; it is one of the best Christmas numbers I have ever read. I have already promised myself to buy your next Christmas number!—*K. E. Cragg.*"

Incidentally, we are offering a prize of £10 for the best alternative title for the cover picture of this Annual. Entries should be submitted on a postcard to "£10 Title, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2."

SPIKESMAN— Prince of Plunderers

THAT notorious fee-snatcher, Leslie Archibald Spikesman, who operated for years from addresses in London and Hertfordshire, has now settled down in earnest at 45a, Bouverie Road West, Folkestone.

Indeed, he is more active in his "retirement" than he has ever been. We have discovered at least four dubious ventures under his control, and he is setting his snares in the small advertisement columns of newspapers in all parts of the country.

His tentacles even extend to the Orkneys!

One of his latest propositions is known as Artcards, Limited. In this connection he is advertising that 1,000 men and women are wanted quickly, and his announcements imply that there is "big money waiting."

"Plain truth"

This illusion is further fostered when misguided people apply for particulars, for they are told that if they can just manage to read and write they can write showcards.

"This is just plain truth," is the assurance given. "Age or sex is no barrier. The demand is tremendous and the pay good. Will you join us?"

The significance of the last-mentioned query becomes apparent when we read a booklet which is sent out to all applicants.

Artcards, Limited, is anxious to enrol students to learn showcard writing under its tuition. The fees demanded are as follows: £5 in full payment; £3 down and 10s. a fortnight until £5 10s. has been paid; or £2 down and 10s. a fortnight until £6 has been paid.

Now this brochure is almost identical with that issued by the British Showcard Service, late of Hitchin, Herts, which was another of Spikesman's undertakings.

It would be interesting to know how many pupils of this former concern are now earning "big money" writing showcards. Our records show that people were enrolled indiscriminately for a course of training, though it was clear from their crude efforts that they showed no promise and could never hope to compete with competent draughtsmen.

The complete pest

But showcard schools are only one branch of Spikesman's widespread fee-snatching operations.

Another is glove-making at home, and this is conducted through the medium of a company named Hertons, Limited, which is also located in Bouverie Road West, Folkestone, and which freely uses faked testimonials in endeavouring to induce pupils to enrol.

Bouverie Road West, Folkestone, is also the home of the "Southern Football Tote Pool"—a football betting venture; Blair, Newman, Limited—a debt-collecting agency; and Mail Traders, Limited—a trumpery fee-snatching concern.

Spikesman is behind them all.

If the authorities at Folkestone will be warned by us they will take immediate steps to let this prince of postal plunderers know that he has outstayed his welcome.

Miracles WHILE YOU WAIT!

"Laid his hands upon her, prayed with her, and she had been healed"—highly dangerous nonsense from the self-styled faith healer

A NEW faith healer, who claims to have effected hundreds of cures, is at present conducting an extensive tour throughout mining villages in the North of England.

He is Pastor F. A. S. Chilton, and as enquiries have reached us regarding his present campaign, we have deemed it our duty to test some of the astounding claims he has made.

One of our representatives has accordingly visited the districts on which Pastor Chilton is at present concentrating; has attended some of the pastor's gatherings and interviewed the faith healer himself in an endeavour to gain the fullest and most authentic information.

The result is sorry disillusionment.

With the best will in the world it is impossible to find justification for the advertisements which Pastor Chilton inserts in the Press to attract people to his meetings.

Miracles to order

One such announcement lies before us at the moment, and a few extracts will serve to illustrate the extent of his claims.

Describing himself as "The Great Revivalist," he declares that the lame are made to walk, the blind made to see, the deaf made to hear and the dumb made to speak.

"Last week over 500 healed," runs his message, "Come and see for yourselves. All seats *free;* Divine Healing Tickets Free."

As Pastor Chilton gives two sessions a day, a simple calculation shows that to cure more than 500 sufferers weekly he must treat over thirty-five cases successfully at each session. And a man who can truly live up to this promise merits consideration.

Let us, therefore, give a faithful report of one recent meeting attended by our representative.

It speedily became apparent that the time for healing would be very much curtailed, for the meeting opened with the singing of various Revivalist choruses. And here it was revealed that while the seats were certainly free, as advertised, a charge of 1d. was levied amongst the congregation for crudely-printed slips bearing eighteen short choruses.

Despicable demonstration

At intervals between the singing Pastor Chilton talked of the wonderful successes which had attended his services elsewhere; and, finally, he called upon those who were sick and needed succour to step forward.

Nobody approached the platform, so the pastor repeated his invitation with outstretched arms. As there was still no response he smiled slightly and said:

"Come on! I must have patients or I shall lose patience!"

This feeble witticism failed to have any effect, so Pastor Chilton then leant forward and whispered to his helpers, who brought a girl upon the platform.

This girl, the pastor declared, had been deaf and dumb from birth; but she had been brought to him a few nights ago; he had laid his hands upon her, prayed with her, and she had been healed.

Resting his arm upon the girl's shoulder he shouted into her ear: "Can you hear me?"

Straining her head towards him, she murmured something confusedly and the pastor again yelled his question, at which she nodded her head and smiled pathetically.

"Repeat these numbers after me," he ordered, and, tapping the girl's shoulder, shouted: "One!"

The girl made an effort to speak and finally uttered a mumbling sound.

"Two!" shouted the pastor, and the girl again made the sound.

This pathetic performance was prolonged until "ten" was reached.

The next alleged cure was a girl who, the pastor declared, had also been deaf and dumb since birth, but who would now recite a verse. This girl stepped to the front of the platform and began to utter a series of sounds that only remotely resembled human speech.

There was more to follow: the pastor exhibited a pair of leg-irons of the type usually worn by children with defective legs. These, he said, had belonged to a little girl who was amongst his "cures." The child was then lifted on to the platform; her legs were still crooked and she made a pitiful attempt to walk.

A second child was similarly exhibited, but only succeeded in making a few stumbling steps.

Melodramatic "proof"

Pastor Chilton then held aloft crutches, splints and sticks which he said had been discarded by other subjects of his "cures."

This brought him to his most dramatic exposition—a hypodermic syringe and a phial which he declared contained the remains of an insulin injection.

They had been given to him by a woman patient who had been completely cured of sugar diabetes, though various doctors had failed to effect any change in her condition. Recent tests pronounced her free from sugar and completely cured, was the pastor's sensational assertion.

We must here mention that our representative endeavoured to gain a fuller account of this wonderful cure from Pastor Chilton after the meeting and found that the "test" had not been made by any medical man, but by the woman's own daughter!

In addition to the regular sale of his crudely-printed choruses, Pastor Chilton, we find, is in the habit of making collections at every meeting. On his own admission, too, he draws a weekly salary from the Pentecostal Church at Barnard Castle.

Quick cures!

Although our representative saw for himself that the audience, numbering nearly 600, contributed generously to the collection, the pastor would not reveal what revenue he obtained in this way.

It may be that our representative was unlucky in electing to attend a meeting at which no "cures" were effected; but if the pastor's claim to heal 500 a week is well-founded, he certainly puts medical science to shame.

On the assumption that the average length of his two daily meetings is an hour, then the "cures" must be effected at the rate of one every two minutes, allowing no leisure for chorus singing, speech-making, solos or collections!

The fact is that there is little to support the extravagant claims made in Pastor Chilton's advertisements, and medical authorities hold the definite opinion that such campaigns may be highly injurious to those who, believing themselves healed, attempt activities beyond their strength.

The "SECRET DOCUMENT" Swindle

STORIES of huge railway construction schemes and secret contracts are the stock-in-trade of a persistent swindler named Wilson, who is now busily touring the country.

He has scores of aliases, and in Chester recently he passed as "Major G. Thornton."

In this guise he called upon a company director and introduced himself as an engineer in the employ of an influential Brazilian firm which was at present engaged in constructing a new railway in Brazil.

The Major confided that he had been sent to England to supervise the purchase of materials, and he gave the company director to understand that a big contract was shortly to be placed with the Chester firm.

* * *

Confirmation of this, he added, would be coming through any day from his employers' head office in Buenos Aires.

"Major" Thornton said he would be remaining in Chester until this communication came through, as he was empowered to close the contract and arrange all necessary details.

Meanwhile, he asked the director, as a favour, to lock up a sealed packet containing numerous important documents. These, he implied, were far too valuable to be entrusted to the "tin-pot" safe at his hotel.

* * *

Later, he induced the director to advance him a sum of money, saying that he wished to despatch an urgent cable to Brazil but had not yet had time to change all his cash.

He was never seen again, and enquiry at his hotel brought the disquieting news that he had left there suddenly without troubling to settle his account.

When the director finally decided to open the "valuable" packet which had been entrusted to his care, he discovered a few old newspapers and several sheets of blank notepaper from the Chester hotel.

The "Major," we find, has successfully worked variations of this confidence trick in places as far apart as Huddersfield and Ealing, Eastbourne and Bristol.

The sums he has obtained in this way range from £5 to £17, and as he is a rapid "worker" his total haul to date is very formidable.

Some of the names he has used are "William Alexander," "Colonel Child," "W. A. Williams," "Major Ellis," and "Major Jaffray."

* * *

His audacity will be understood when we say that he only emerged from jail in October last after serving a sentence of six months for frauds of a similar character.

It is clear that he was far too leniently dealt with on the occasion of his arrest, and we hope the same mistake will not be made when he is next apprehended.

Important

NEXT THURSDAY

is Christmas Eve—and "John Bull" day. Be sure to get your copy on Thursday.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
REG. TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Don't take it home to your family

You travel and work all day in an atmosphere laden with cold germs. Unless you destroy these germs you will take them home with you and probably start within your family a round of colds pregnant with dangerous possibilities.

Vapex cleans and fortifies the delicate inner membranes of the nose and throat. It gives immediate relief by clearing the nasal passages. It gently stimulates the respiratory system.

Simply put a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief and breathe often its pleasant but powerful antiseptic vapour. Put a drop of Vapex on your pillow and fight the cold while you sleep.

Cold time is danger time. Be sure to use Vapex —instantly available— instantly effective.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
(Double quantity in 3 - size).

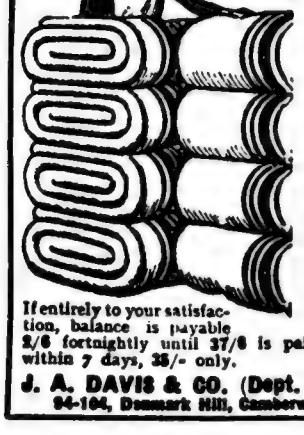
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
V.75C

Yours for **2/-** **DOWN**

BUY DIRECT SAVE MONEY

ONLY 35/- for EIGHT BLANKETS—an absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

ON APPROVAL
Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is one of the world's Biggest Bargains.



The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 2/-.

An Unequalled Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 616),
94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, S.E.5.

FACTS
Concerning the World's Best Tonic Food Beverage

YOUR health is too important for you to take risks by drinking any haphazard mixture of food ingredients. You want a food beverage which will be perfect and complete, and which you can rely upon to give health and strength.

THE ESSENTIAL FOOD ELEMENTS

A perfect food beverage must contain proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral salts and vitamins. Scientists claim that these vital elements are contained most abundantly in malt, milk and eggs. That is why these wonderful foods of Nature form the constituents of "Ovaltine." Malt extract is used, for powdered malt does not yield the same food value or exert the same digestive power. Pure fresh milk from the finest pastures in England is used. Dried milk is not good enough for "Ovaltine." The eggs are obtained from our own farm and specially selected sources. 12,500,000 eggs are used each year.

Proteins are obtained from all three ingredients. There are several proteins —all of which are necessary. Milk does not give them all, but a combination of malt, milk and eggs, as in "Ovaltine," supplies them. Fats are contained in the milk and eggs. Carbohydrates are present in the malt and milk. These are natural sugars, and are far superior to cane sugar.

Mineral salts—iron, calcium and phosphorus—are derived from the milk and eggs. No nerve-restoring food would be complete without lecithin, which is derived from egg-yolk—hence the importance of eggs in "Ovaltine."

CORRECTLY BALANCED NOURISHMENT

Not only must a perfect food beverage contain all these elements but they must be supplied in correct proportions and in the most readily assimilable form, as in "Ovaltine." It contains no indigestible starch and no added sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Sugar is cheap and can be added in the home if necessary.

ECONOMICAL IN USE

Finally, "Ovaltine"—although so superior in food value—is the cheapest in price and the most economical in use of all forms of concentrated nourishment. It is only possible to supply this supreme tonic food beverage at the present low prices because of the world-wide sale it enjoys. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing to equal it and nothing "just as good."

Make delicious "Ovaltine" your daily beverage—it is acknowledged to be the best means of giving and maintaining health, strength and vitality.

Reduced prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3 *per tin.*

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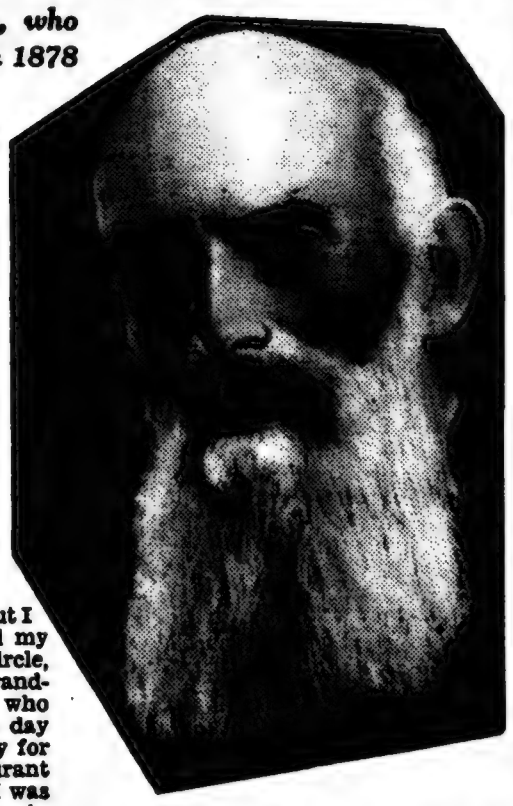
WHO'S RIGHT ABOUT CHRISTMAS?

We made it homely

by SILAS K. HOCKING,

the veteran novelist, who wrote his first book in 1878



CHRISTMAS DAY has changed a good deal within the last thirty years or so, and I, for one, sigh a little for the good will and courtesies of the old-fashioned Yule-tide celebrations. My quarrel with youth to-day is that I consider they tend to treat one of the most beautiful and solemn festivals of the year in a spirit of levity and flippancy.

It is as if youth has destroyed the beauty and peace and simplicity of Christmas, and "speeded it up" into a kind of forced raucous "cheeriness" — something altogether foreign to that first Christmas in the stable.

I am, no doubt, old-fashioned. But I like nothing better than to spend my Christmas at home in the family circle, surrounded by my children and grandchildren and a few choice friends who may care to drop in and pass the day with us. I should hate to go away for Christmas, or spend it at a restaurant in a "cheery party" with whom I was little acquainted and had less in common.

Why has the family Christmas become suddenly old-fashioned? Why is there this passion for spending Christmas anywhere but at home, and surrounded by as much noise as possible?

YOUNG people to-day seem to consider it a waste of time to spend Christmas with their own family, and accordingly fly as fast as their feet (or their car) will carry them from the domestic circle.

Some like to cross the Channel overnight and have a "hectic" day on the Continent. Others choose hydros, hotels, restaurants—any place where they can be sure there is "plenty going on" and little time to think, and incidentally save themselves the trouble of cooking their own dinner!

Do these young moderns see so much of their home that they can afford to ignore it on the one family festival of the year?

I know a woman who, having lost her husband, cheerfully and courageously keeps the home attractive and comfortable for her son and daughter. She sees very little of them most days as they are out working; but I remember her plans and schemes last year for the one day when she might really enjoy her children—Christmas.

I wonder if they realised how much she had looked forward to that day, and what it meant to her when she discovered they had both booked engagements to dine out and dance with their friends?

Recently a friend of mine overheard a young man boasting of the staggering amount he had crammed into his last Christmas holiday.

Apparently, with the help of his "Moth," he had spent Christmas at four different parties; he had flown to four different parts of England between Christmas Eve and Boxing Day! To me that seems hustle without sense.

I realise, of course, that speed means progress, and that it is a far cry from the old-fashioned Christmas stage-coach to modern air travel, but I wonder a little if young people to-day get the same pleasure from it. Hasn't travel become rather a bore? And hasn't everything in connection with the Christmas festivities become "rather a bore"?

I remember the excitement of the Christmas shopping beforehand. The months of careful planning and selecting, the crumpled, grimy little lists burnt up the chimney for luck, and the excitement, expectation and speculation.

Now the Christmas shopping is crammed hastily into the shortest possible space of time—frequently a day or two before Christmas.

CAN we altogether blame the modern child for his sophistications and disdain of fairy books and "Santa Claus"? What do parents nowadays teach them of the spirit of Christmas? Is it to give or to get? In some families it is a mere game of "grab"! Toys and more toys are thrown aside and trampled on—simplicity of pleasure has gone out of fashion.

Has youth forgotten how to revere the peace and solemnity of our ancient customs—is there nothing left of the past which they hold sacred?

One last word: I think the spirit of Christmas is more deeply felt and more truly exemplified among the lowly and poor—particularly in remote villages and small country towns, than among the leisured and well-to-do of our big and crowded cities.

We can never go back

by WINIFRED BROWN,

who won the King's Cup Air Race last year

PRESENT-DAY youth, according to age, has abused the spirit of Christmas. We have deliberately "treated in a spirit of levity" a solemn, revered custom, and trampled on the "family Christmas" along with many other time-honoured rituals of the past.

Reflecting on this problem, I asked a very dear friend of mine, an old lady with silver hair, what she considered to be the spirit of Christmas, and she smilingly replied: "The spirit of Christmas, my dear, is good will."

Well, is there among the present generation any less feeling of good will? We have, perhaps, removed a little of the dust from some of those "rituals of the past," but I think that to-day most of us are just as ready to help each other along in this game of life.

Anyway, though materially we have perhaps changed Christmas Day, it is a fallacy to assume that now we enjoy little else but noisy revelry.

THERE may be a set who make Christmas one of their many excuses to celebrate, by kicking up a din far into the night and playing foolish "rags" on each other. But they are the exception rather than the rule, and, as a matter of fact, these orgies are by no means peculiar to youth alone; from my own experience I have found them rather the reverse!

Most young people to-day are working for their living, and therefore thankfully snatch at the two days' Christmas holiday as a happy respite from their labours. Nowadays there is an infinite variety of interesting and healthy activities open to them, in which to spend those two days.

They can possibly skate, play hockey, golf, football, and some—like myself—can use air travel as a means of visiting their friends. Why, then, choose instead to spend it at the traditional "groaning board"?

Again, there are very practical reasons why many families now spend their Christmas in a hotel or restaurant—there is the servant problem.

Lots of my friends have their Christmas dinner cooked by a restaurant so as to enable their maids to have a holiday too. Some people, of course, have no maids, and so give themselves a rest from the yearly routine of cooking and housekeeping.

Hardworking business girls and housewives have little time to spend days or weeks beforehand in making pasties and mincemeats and delicacies with which our Victorian grandparents loaded up their larders in readiness for the Yule feast.

Isn't it rather unreasonable to expect us to do so, when the nearest cookhouse will roast the turkey for a small sum, supply delicious potato crisps for a mere song, and jars of mincemeat far cheaper than one can make it?

I THINK that we have learnt a wider kinship to-day than the mere family Christmas. Wireless and telephone and the air service have linked us up with the world. We can mingle and exchange greetings with those beyond our own family circle. This, to my mind, is the true friendly spirit of Christmas.

Fifty years ago anyone arriving in London from abroad would have spent a very lonely kind of Christmas. He would have had his Christmas dinner probably in a hotel in solitary splendour; then there would have remained nothing but the tramping of the streets.

To-day his hotel is crowded with people, the restaurant gay and brilliant. He would indeed find it hard to be lonely!

We have changed Christmas because it is inevitable that it must change with everything else. Youth has outgrown many of the old traditions and laws of its elders. We have to face fresh facts and conditions to-day—to adapt ourselves to an altogether new mode of existence.

CERTAINLY we should look rather ridiculous if we tried to celebrate Christmas in the same manner as our grandmothers.

"Tell me, Johnny," I asked a small friend, "what do you think of Christmas?"

"Oh, Christmas is all right," he answered loftily; "you get lots to eat and lots of presents. But why grown-up people make such fools of themselves over this Father Christmas stunt beats me; guess they reckon we guys have no sense."

No, as little Tessa remarked in *The Constant Nymph*, "It's no use, you can never go back to what you were."

HURRY! GET THIS GREAT XMAS GIFT BARGAIN NOW

THE SUPERB 'JOHN BULL' £1 DICTIONARY at HALF-PRICE delivered to your home for 1!

DOWN

Plus 1/- for postage

OWING to the enormous and continued response to the great Special Christmas Offer of the "John Bull" New Illustrated Dictionary, readers are to-day given a further OPPORTUNITY to seize this magnificent Yuletide bargain before it is too late.

Here is "John Bull's" amazing Double Christmas Gift to YOU a Free Presentation Voucher, VALUE TEN SHILLINGS, which not only entitles you to secure this superb £1 leather-bound volume at half price, but brings it to your home immediately on a first payment of only 1/- down (plus 1/- postage).

If you wish to take advantage of this special Christmas concession you have no time to lose. The Free Presentation Voucher below is available for 12 DAYS ONLY.

MOST POPULAR GIFT

Following the mighty deluge of orders received for this great work by every post come, from towns and villages all over the Kingdom, letters of delight and praise at its unparalleled value. In our files are more than TEN THOUSAND LETTERS bearing testimony to the overwhelming satisfaction that this splendid New Illustrated Dictionary gives. From these it is certain that, this Christmas, one of the most POPULAR GIFTS will be this fascinating mammoth Gift Book, bound in rich Morocco-grained genuine flexible leather—the perfect present for young and old. Here is a gift that will last a lifetime—it is more than a dictionary, it is a complete reference library, compact in a volume of enduring beauty.

10,000 WORD X-WORD GUIDE

Over £11,000 is offered in must-be-won prizes for Crossword Competitions every week. This book may help YOU to win a splendid prize.

"From a crossword competitor's point of view this is the most valuable work of its kind on the market," writes a delighted purchaser.

A unique and exclusive section is the comprehensive Crossword Guide, containing more than TEN THOUSAND words, arranged according to the number of letters each contains, and many of them also classified according to meanings, enabling hundreds of difficult "clues" to be solved at a glance. As well as giving this most complete selection of usual and unusual words, the section devoted to Synonyms and Antonyms, gives a further 16,000 words grouped according to similar or contrasting meanings. This is the most valuable book for the Crossword competitor ever devised. If you enter for Crossword prizes, this is the Dictionary that YOU MUST HAVE.

If you desire to purchase this great New Dictionary at half-price on the generous extended payment concession, fill in SECTION "A" of the Order Form below.

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If you desire to take advantage of this section, address envelope to:

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Please forward me the edition specified below of the "John Bull" New Illustrated Dictionary under your special extended payments offer to "John Bull" readers.

Ordinary Edition, send **2/-** *now (which includes* **1/-** *postage) and thereafter four fortnightly payments of* **2/6** *each.*

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Ordinary Edition **10/-** *plus* **1/-** *postage, etc.,* **making 11/- in all.**

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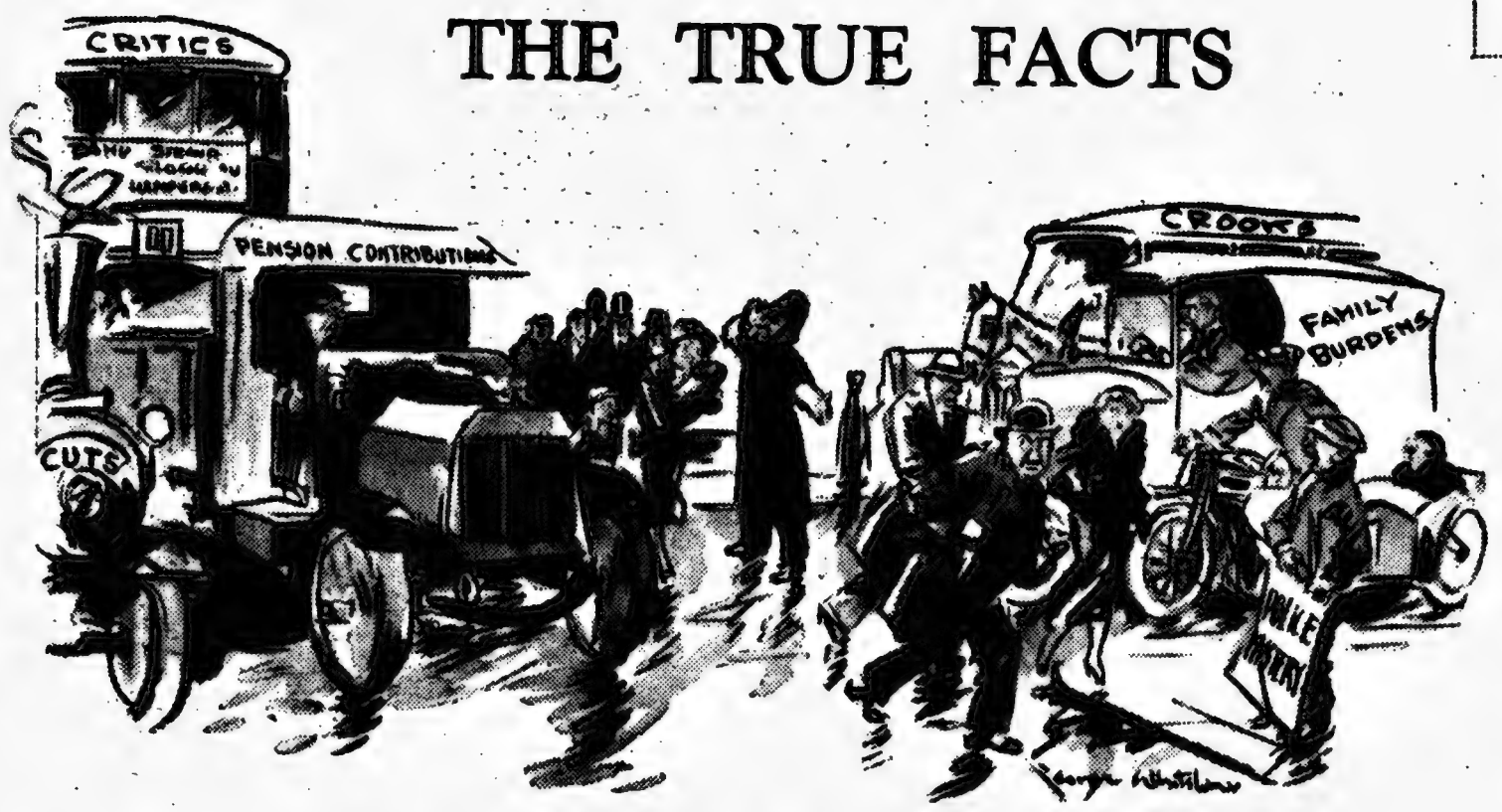
POLICE

THE TRUE FACTS



This worried Man in Blue doesn't look much like a Bolshevik!

Without FEAR or FAVOUR

FOR some time past a veil of mystery has surrounded the police. Sinister suggestions that meetings of a Bolshevik character have been held, and that disaffection is rife throughout the Force have been current.

The simple facts are that the Police Federation has been meeting strictly in accordance with the Act of Parliament that brought it into being.

In fairness to the police, we think it important that the readers of JOHN BULL should be better informed on this matter than those who look elsewhere for their information.

It is a matter of history. There was a police strike. There were, in fact, two, and it fell to the lot of the Government of the day both to kill the National Union of Police and Prison Officials, known as "N.U.P.P.O.," and give to the police what had been denied them for generations—the legal right to make representations on "all matters affecting their welfare and efficiency."

No back door for him

THE Police Act of 1919 was a very drastic affair. It was, in fact, a positive guillotine. It laid down that it should not be "lawful for a member of a police force to become or, after the expiration of one month . . . to be, a member of any Trade Union or of any association having for its object or one of its objects to control or influence the pay, pensions or conditions of service of any police force."

The Act went on to provide that any member of a police force contravening this provision should be "disqualified from continuing to be a member of the Force."

Thus was the police strike dealt with and "N.U.P.P.O." crushed. The Act, however, set up the Police Federation, which consists of all members of the Police Force, in England and Wales *below the rank of Superintendent.*

The function of the Federation is clearly defined.

The law provides that the Home Secretary may make regulations as to the government, mutual aid allowances, pay, pensions, clothing, expenses, and conditions of service of all police forces, and that every police authority shall comply with such regulations.

On the other hand, the law also requires the Home Secretary to submit any proposed regulations to the Police Federation, and to "consider any representations" the Federation may make to him.

We think it important that the public should understand the position clearly, and realise that when the police meet, as they recently did at the Albert Hall in London, they are only doing what the law not only allows, but definitely invites them to do.

There is nothing "Bolshevik" about the police using the machinery the law has provided for them to air their grievances. There is, on the contrary, a statutory obligation on the Home Secretary to consider very carefully what they have to say, though he is not bound to accept their views.

The immediate grievance of the police is the 10 per cent. cut in their pay. It is not a matter that can be considered solely from the point of view of wages. Where the police are concerned there are a number of other factors.

It must be remembered that a police officer is not a free agent. He is serving under a disciplinary code that for all practical purposes is as rigid as that which governs the armed Forces of the Crown. In addition, it is by no means generally realised that a deduction is made from the pay of every policeman, from the Chief Officers downwards, as a contribution towards pension.

Some people say that the policeman's pay is excessive. It is a view we cannot support, any more than the Desborough Committee could support it, in view of the ever-increasing duties thrown upon the Force.

If the duties of the town policeman are increasingly onerous, those of the country policeman are still more so. He knows nothing of an eight-hour day. He has to be prepared to do anything that requires doing at any moment.

Father and friend

IN scores of villages he is the trusted friend and adviser of all concerned, in addition to his obligation to impound all stray animals, chase swine fever and foot-and-mouth disease, look after sheep dipping, and concern himself with fertilisers, foodstuffs and all manner of sanitary matters. And his wife is mostly on duty at the telephone all day long.

It is almost impossible for a country constable to perform his duty efficiently unless he is a married man.

At the time the Police Federation was set up there was a consensus of opinion that the rates of pay were not excessive, and we doubt if there would be any serious disagreement to-day.

So far, despite the mistaken suggestions of the Press, the police have accepted the situation with restraint and dignity, and have done nothing except express their views in a constitutional manner.

We are in a position to state authoritatively that their case is not so much against reductions in pay as that the money of the taxpayer is and has been frittered away, and that substantial savings can, and should, be made without in any way affecting the efficiency of the Force or reducing its numbers.

Largely in response to popular opinion and political pressure, the Police Force has "acquired" satellites which cost money and are of very doubtful efficiency.

Women police and welfare work are admirable projects. Fast cars and wireless are fascinating, but, in the opinion of those best fitted to judge, of little practical value. Motor patrols do not justify their existence.

That, in a nutshell, is the case the Police Federation will have put to the Home Secretary by the time these words appear in print.

There is one suggestion, however, that will not be made to him. The police are too loyal to make it. We will make it for them:

The contributions towards their pension which all policemen have to make from their wages are a considerable drain on their pockets in these days, when every penny counts.

A graceful act

PENSION liabilities only fall upon the State when a police officer leaves the Force, and he can only leave, if he wishes to claim his pension, by resignation when his time has expired, by invaliding or by death. The payment of pensions only falls upon the State by and in accordance with the "normal wastage" from the Police Force.

It would be a graceful act and would gild the pill of wage deductions if the State offered to bear the cost of these contributions towards pensions until better times prevailed.

Such an action would be appreciated by the Police Forces, not so much for its intrinsic value, but because it would be a manifestation by the State that it appreciated the loyal services of the finest Police Force in the world.

We are all very apt to take the police for granted, and to forget that, despite their uniforms and their official status, they are human beings, with human needs and human rights. We are apt, too, to forget that in countless ways they stand by us and make our lives run smoothly and pleasantly.

We should not forget it. We should stand by the police as they stand by us.

Critical though we know the situation to be, we still refuse, as we have always refused, to be stampeded into panic advocacy by the mere word "economy." There are more ways than one of achieving national solvency.

We doubt if it is either wise or necessary to attempt to achieve it at the expense of the police.

If I were SANTA CLAUS

When we leave childhood behind [illegible] how many, grown-up, have found [illegible] not millions of adults, young a[illegible] fanciful figure—remote from [illegible] real Christmas figure—to in[illegible] a figure to whom they w[illegible] power of dispensing happin[illegible] season?

Who would he be and w[illegible] bring? "John Bull" [illegible] to six people prom[illegible] separate walks of [illegible] their answ[illegible]

The grown-ups, too, need a Santa Claus . . . they all have stockings to fill

GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

[Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, and, next to the Prime Minister, fulfilling the most onerous of Parliamentary tasks in these critical times. Most beloved of the elder statesmen, he will be long remembered for his life-long struggles for the poor.]

THERE is only one gift at Christmas-time, or indeed at any time, which is worth while, and that is God's own gift of love. At Christmas we are expected to be full of good will and the milk of human kindness, giving out rather than accepting.

Yet, if we all desire to share our gifts, if we all wish to be "servants," then we all become equally happy. So the gift I would like to have bestowed on mankind now and for all time is just that one gift of peace, which is love itself.

And this is just what the condition of the world *proves* is needed. Wars, rumours of war, strife at home and tariffs abroad, poverty and abundance—all these flaunt themselves before our eyes and in our minds.

Men and women hunger and thirst mentally and physically, wander hither and thither for peace, quietness, and, above all, security in life.

Where shall we turn? Surely the Christmas message rings more true than ever, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This when translated by St. James means "Little children, old or young, rich or poor, love one another." Do this and you will have life and life more abundantly.

What better gift can I desire you than this—and that *you* includes *me*—"Love one another."

Rev. Dr. DONALD SOPER

[Pastor of Islington Central Hall, he is the Wesleyan successor of "Woodbine Willie," of beloved memory. Dr. Soper's battle-line, however, lies in the slums of North London. His name is achieving nation-wide recognition in connection with his work in the cause of children.]

I'm not sure that I mind very much so long as I can really have a Father Christmas, even if his beard is a little askew, and his cloak is suspiciously like father's red dressing-gown.

So long as I can be certain that he will really come, then I can go on believing that there is a place in this world of economics and hard facts for fairy tales, and romance, and paper hats.

If there is no room for a Father Christmas, then it seems to me that I am shut up in a world which is just one vast soulless machine.

So I want on Christmas morning to hear the jingle of his bells, and to know that the world of imagination and child-like fancy is just as real, nay much more real, than the world of marginal utility and five per cent.

But, of course, he would bring some gifts with him. I wish he would bring a job of work for all the fine people I meet day by day at the Central Hall here, who are unemployed and go hungry in the midst of God's plenty.

Perhaps more than that, I wish he would bring to everyone a pair of "God's glasses" so that they could see this world as one great family and try to take their place at the family table.

There are so many gifts I would like him to bring, and as I think of them all, Father Christmas himself seems to change.

The sledge is, after all, a manger, the reindeer somehow are oxen, the scarlet cloak is a swaddling band, the white hair and beard a pillow of straw, white in the starlight, and upon that pillow I see the tiny face of the Babe of Bethlehem, and even as I look I am sure that I can hear the angels sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

BRANSBY WILLIAMS

[Most famous of character actors, his name needs no introduction to JOHN BULL readers. His portrayals of Dickens characters are known all over the world, and his name is particularly appropriate to a Christmas theme.]

The Father Christmas we dreamed of as children—cheery, ruddy-cheeked, white hair and beard, red cloak and hood! The majority of us in these times are harassed with an extra burden of care and anxiety—still we must don the hood and cloak and put on the moustache and beard and disguise our worried looks.

What kind of a Father Christmas would *I* like? How we should all vary in our answers!

* * *

The worried poor person's answer, the worried, perhaps lonely, rich man's; all different. Here am I a strolling player—what should I like?

I should like a Father Christmas who would take this old country and lead it to safety, security and happiness. A Father Christmas who could inspire our leaders to cast away selfishness and all intrigue and only give real service.

A Father Christmas who could bring us a Christmas freed from worries and troubles ahead, and give us forgetfulness for the time, who would give us all a pat on the back—that encouragement we all need to face the Battle of 1932 and bury our mistakes of 1931.

A Father Christmas who would promise us Betterment, Peace and Good will in reality. Who would help us do away with all Hypocrisy.

TA

US

Santa Claus dies—yet substitute? Are there ld, who conjure up a in addition to the onate Christmas; wish to give the the Christmas

gifts would he this question in their Here are

Rt. Hon. George Lansbury

Rev. Donald Soper

Miss Edna Best

Mr. Bransby Williams

Mr. J. Rowland Robinson, M.P

Lady Eleanor Smith

by these Famous Folk

of us, with the exception of Scrooge and his friends, Father Christmas is the symbol of peace and happiness, and I realise very clearly that I for one can never be completely happy unless I am, to begin with, completely warm.

Furthermore, for many years I have been accustomed to spend Christmas in such places as I have described, and the spectacle of a twinkling northern Christmas-tree planted amid a grove of tropical palms no longer seems to me incongruous, but a pleasant, even a homely sight.

Now, for the first time after a long absence, I am spending Christmas in England, and I shall be enchanted to recognise the benevolent spirit of the season if he suddenly sees fit to materialise down my chimney—all covered with soot—in the midst of a hurricane.

And he might, if he wished, do very much for me . . . with a wave of his wand he could ordain the sun to shine for six months on end.

He could procure for me a lucky ticket in the next Irish sweepstake. Not *the* winning ticket, because the responsibility of that might before long become almost too devastating, but a nice, solid third prize, or even a fourth.

He could make a good fairy pay all my bills, he could put a spell upon my teeth so that never again would it be necessary for me to visit a dentist.

Then he could turn his attention to my stockings, which, by some magical process or other, could be made impervious to ladders, rents and holes. He could prevent the dog next door from barking when it is let out.

And he could stop my great-aunt Emily sending me a calendar at this time of year.

I hope he will materialise.

A Father Christmas who could come and say: "Your income-tax has fallen to only two shillings, and the British pound is as good as ever, all the world over."

A Father Christmas who will give me some applause as a "player" and audiences to spur me on. And one last wish for myself and mine—a Father Christmas who could give us a message from our lost one during the war—one who was "missing" but never found.

A Father Christmas who could say with Tiny Tim and *mean* it—"God bless us every one."

LADY ELEANOR SMITH

[The brilliant daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead. Traveller, author and journalist, she recently scored an outstanding success with her novel of circus life, "The Red Wagon."]

He is for me, to begin with, the inhabitant of sunshiny and tropical lands. I do not associate him with snow, sleet, mud or rain, but rather with blue skies, sun-bathing and iced drinks.

This is, I suppose, because to all

J. ROLAND ROBINSON, M.P.

[The "baby" of the House of Commons. He is already practising at the Bar, and is part of that host of untried material in the National Government who may yet sit on the Front Benches of a future Parliament.]

As a small boy, I used to hang up my biggest stocking on Christmas Eve in common with millions of other children, and enjoy the great excitement of early Christmas morning searching for an immense hoard of treasure that might be therein.

What joy there was on those Christmas days! How we all looked forward to the visit of that kindly old man with a red face and white beard matching his red cloak and white fur, though we never could fathom how he kept so clean after climbing down so many chimneys!

I never stayed awake to see him, but I very soon realised the identity of the person masquerading as Santa Claus. Still, as a wise little boy I said nothing, and allowed that huge stocking to be filled for several years longer—until one day my younger brother announced who Santa Claus was, and from that day that delightful and mysterious old gentleman has ceased to fill our stockings on Christmas Eve.

But Santa Claus himself remains with us still. For me he is the spirit of love, of good will, of good-fellowship—in a word, the spirit of Christmas. And since I entered Parliament I have discovered a new Santa Claus—our National Government.

In the old days we wrote of our wants to Santa Claus and put the letter up the chimney. Now people write to Santa Claus and send their letters by way of their M.P.!

The Santa Claus at Westminster is hard pressed, but I know he will strive valiantly to please all.

EDNA BEST

[The famous young actress. One of the original Peters in "Peter Pan." She has done much to keep high the level of British acting art, both on the English stage and in America.]

The best thing I remember about Father Christmas was that one could shamelessly ask him for so many things. You *knew* that dear and friendly phantom would understand and have no stupid ideas like real grown-ups about simple human greed.

"Yes, and I'd like a doll's house with a front door that opens, *and* a huge box of chocolates, the soft ones all different inside, *and* a toy theatre, *and* a musical box, *and* a doll which undresses; *and—and——*"

Then *the* morning when you awoke, and found even one dream come true! It never mattered so much about the others which didn't, in a wide world with Father Christmas so over-worked, with so many children to look after who perhaps wanted the same things you wanted.

Well, that's gone. When we leave childhood behind, "Around us shades of the prison house close," Wordsworth once said, and we leave that Father Christmas behind.

But we can still, as fellow-prisoners in this world, create another Father Christmas after our hearts' desire. There is no law against prisoners dreaming.

And with the Father Christmas I have I am just as greedy. I only beg for different things.

"Yes, and I'd like a real peace on earth with friendliness and warmth *and* no child to go unfed and unshod and slums and machine-brought evil wiped away, *and* spite, tyranny and hatred to be buried fathoms deep under the Poles, where Father Christmas's sledges start from, *and—and——*"

And, oh! the loveliness to awake one morning and to find even one dream come true!

He starts every day right

NO hurried "tea and toast" breakfast in this home. There's always time for a nourishing breakfast of *Quick* Quaker Oats.

Appetising and delicious, Quaker Oats, because it is milled from the world's finest oats, provides energy — builds up health and strength.

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THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST

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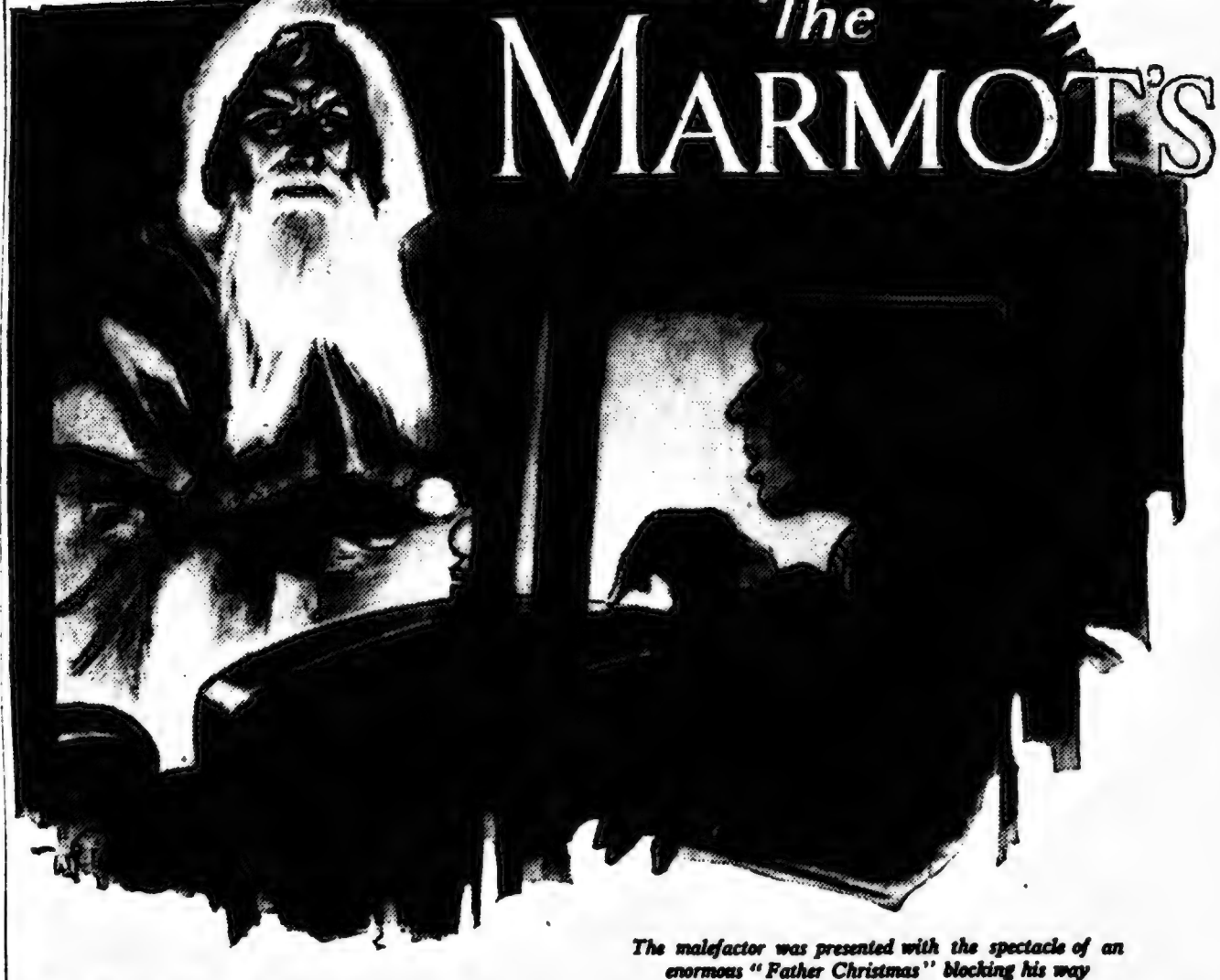
The MARMOT'S



The malefactor was presented with the spectacle of an enormous "Father Christmas" blocking his way

JENNY MOSTYN assisted her husband into his fancy dress, and the big man with solemn patience endured the ordeal. Elsewhere five young children, ranging from eight years old to three, awaited their summons from the nursery, and in the dining-room Jack Mostyn's elder brother, Wilfred, was lighting the tapers on the Christmas-tree.

Jack Mostyn, a famous athlete in his time, had run a little too fat at forty, though he still prided himself on his immense physical strength and was of the private opinion that no Amateur Champion Heavy-weight boxer since his day had quite attained his own prowess, or could have lasted three rounds with himself in his prime.

But in truth, he was the most modest of men—a stockbroker in the Brighton A Market—prosperous, old-fashioned in his ideas, devoted to his wife and family, solid, trustworthy and slightly archaic in his restricted opinions.

Now, because he held it a sporting thing to do, he was assuming the garb of Father Christmas to give his family joy. Jenny climbed a chair to put the finishing touches, for Jack stood six feet four inches tall, and she was but five feet seven.

He turned to go, and then remembered something.

"What a chump I am! I left that last parcel in the motor when I came in this evening. The presents that don't go on the Christmas-tree."

"Oh, Jack—send Mason for them."

"No, he's got a cold on his chest. And my brother's busy. Keep the children out of sight and I'll go down to the garage myself. Silly ass! There's your present down there—the swagger one."

In three minutes Mostyn had picked up an electric torch and was stalking through December darkness to a garage beside the lodge of his habitation. He dwelt in a big villa near Leatherhead and motored himself to London five days a week, when the weather favoured him.

The night was very dark and still. Far off Jack heard an owl hoot as he tramped to the abode of his "Sunbeam." And then a great surprise awaited him. For the garage doors were wide open and the fine iron gates, that gave to the main road on the right, were also open, though two hours earlier he had closed both.

The lodge was dark and empty. Jack's head gardener resided there, and had gone to relations with his wife for the night.

The big man had approached very silently in the soft leather boots of Father Christmas, and now he stood still and listened. Then came to his ears the gentle purr of his "run-about," and "Sunny," as the vehicle was affectionately called, began to move out of her house.

He waited till the car was about to creep into the drive and so out of the open gate. Then he strode in front of it, and turned on his torch. At the wheel sat a little man with sharp eyes, a flat nose and yellow teeth—a human rodent; while to the malefactor himself was presented the spectacle of an enormous "Father Christmas" blocking his way.

With an oath the rascal accelerated, apparently under the impression that a spectre only barred the path; but then Jack spoke and made his reality apparent.

"Stop!" he thundered in his big, rumbling voice. "Stop! or you'll lose your life in half a minute, you dog!"

THE other was impressed and only concerned for his own escape. He stopped the car and at the same moment leapt out of it and made a bolt for the gate.

But, for a successful get-away, it was necessary to pass Jack, and this the marauder failed to do. One arm shot out and the little man found himself collared by a grip quite beyond his puny powers to evade.

Then the stockbroker gave evidence of his admirable qualities and spoke without anger or any apparent animus.

"Don't fuss, and oblige me by keeping your mouth shut," he said. "I'm busy this evening and I have no time to attend to you. For the present I propose to lock you up.

"I might telephone for the police, but I shan't do so until we meet again. One does not want to make needless work for them this evening. So just walk quietly and don't attempt to escape, because you're not going to escape. If I hit you I should probably kill you, and one doesn't kill people on Christmas Eve except under grave compulsion."

He trundled his captive before him, entered the garage and turned into a small store-room which opened out of it. Tools were lodged here, but no petrol. There was nothing on which the prisoner could wreak vengeance but a lathe, and Jack felt no fear that this order of captive would endanger any future chance of mercy.

"You can cool your heels there," he said, "and in an hour, or possibly two, I shall return. It's up to you to behave, because if a tool is taken from its place, or the least harm done, you go straight to the police-station."

HE locked the solid door of the chamber. There was no window and no other possible exit. Then the big man brought back his car and shut the outer gates. After which he satisfied himself that his parcels were intact and returned with them to the house.

In five minutes he had forgotten the incident, arranged his gifts and hidden behind a tall, Spanish screen in the dining-room, until the children should be liberated. His brother, a man older but little smaller than himself, had completed his duties and the tree glittered gaily enough to welcome little Jack, Sarah, Wilfred and the rest of the children. Baby Jane was three and toddled with her elders—an entrancing ball of swansdown with a white rose in her yellow hair.

The entertainment ran its triumphant course, and when Christmas Eve drew to a close, the family slept and Jenny Mostyn had also retired, Jack and his brother in the seclusion of the study sipped a final whisky and soda and smoked a last cigar.

Suddenly the stockbroker started, glared at Wilfred and uttered an expletive.

"What's the matter?" asked his brother.

"I've suddenly remembered there's a sneak-thief locked up in my garage. He was just removing 'Sunny,' when good luck sent me down to retrieve some parcels. The blighter's been there for six hours. Perhaps I'd better get him?"

"Won't he keep till morning?"

Christmas Eve

by EDEN PHILLPOTTS

"No—can't send for the police on Christmas Day. I'll fetch the little brute. You shall be judge and jury both. He didn't get away with it—that oughtn't to make any difference, of ocurse; but it does."

"To you, no doubt."

Jack donned a fur coat and proceeded to his prisoner. The chamber was silent, but on casting his light round it, he perceived an inert mass in a corner, where slept the human rodent with his head on a sack. He evinced annoyance at being wakened up and for the moment had evidently forgotten his surroundings.

"What's the time, master?" he asked, and Jack started, for some dim chord of memory responded to that Cockney voice.

"It's past twelve o'clock."

"Then I'll make bold——"

"SHUT up and come along. You've made quite bold enough for one night. I want to look at you and hear what you've got to say."

The prisoner showed a gloomy humour.

"As a spectacle, you'll be disappointed," he said. "I never was one to catch the eye in my palmiest days, and my manner of life didn't make for no improvements. And as to what I've got to say, if you'd been took trying to pinch a fine gentleman's car and failed, you'd feel any great flow of words was like to be wasted."

"I seem to know your beastly voice anyway," answered Jack. "Now march in and sit in that chair under the electric light. This is my brother. He's going to pass sentence—see? Let me introduce the prisoner, Wilfred. I haven't had the pleasure of his name yet, but——"

Jack broke off. He was staring with infinite amazement at the human rodent, and the human rodent, his jaw fallen and his yellow teeth shining, glared back at him.

"By thunder! It's the 'Marmot'!" cried Jack. "It's the 'Marmot,' Wilfred!"

"I recognise a strong facial resemblance to the alpine marmot, old man, but don't know the gentleman."

Jack, quite unconsciously assumed the role of one lecturing on a specimen.

"His real name is Alexander Sprigge, known in the profession as 'Sandy Sprigge'! It was I who first called him the 'Marmot,' for, returning from winter sports, I instantly saw that Sandy had the flat nose, orange-coloured teeth and shifty brown eyes of that creature. And the name stuck. His career, as far as it marched with mine, was entirely satisfactory.

"SANDY was quite a clever light-weight and always showed good sport, though he never soared to a belt, or honours. His pluck was unquestionable—not a streak of yellow in him. But as a trainer he showed genius. He was quite the most understanding little devil in the game, and I myself owe him much. He had the art to get it off you without weakening you, but rather increasing your strength. I've often wondered why I never heard his name nowadays."

Jack turned to the pugilist.

"Oh, 'Marmot,'" he said. "This is a bad break. And to choose me!"

Mr. Sprigge wept openly and shamelessly.

"God's my judge," he gulped, "if I'd known it was you, Mr. Mostyn, I'd have gone to the workhouse or the grave afore I'd have laid a finger on the car. You was the best and truest friend ever a man had, and I've never forgot you, nor yet how you gave me the praise, when you outed the heavy-weight champion of the Army.

"And I thanked God you come through the war, same as me. And I'll take my medicine for this job, like I took plenty in the past, without kicking. I couldn't stand up against my beastly life no more if you thought I was trying to rob *you*."

"You were trying to rob somebody, though, and I'd never have thought such a sport as you were could have sunk to it, Marmot."

"More would I," answered the little man. I can't believe it even now, and I'm thanking the Lord every minute I was prevented."

"Is this the first?"

"On my honour, the first. Wish I may die if it wasn't. And the last, sir. I've sunk. I ain't saying I've not sunk. I've got in along of wrong 'uns and come to a place where I had to do something for 'em. They marked down this car and told me off to bring it in."

Jack turned to his brother.

"Would you believe that this chap was a clean fighter and one of the best-behaved fellows in the game? Of course, you'll say he's lying, Wilfred; but I don't believe he is."

Wilfred was judicial.

"He's a downy fellow all the same. The rodent species are invariably downy. This may be a plant. He may have known the car was yours and plotted some dark game to restore it to you after he'd stolen it."

"NOT on your life," answered the fallen man. "I meant a bit of straight lifting and didn't know from Adam who owned the car. I may have lied off and on. Who haven't? But never to Mr. Mostyn."

"You were considered a rich man, Marmot. You were thought to be one of the careful sort. Kept off drink and didn't bet, or play about when I knew you."

"I was all that. Then I married a young woman, Mr. Mostyn."

"Need we enquire further?" asked the bachelor.

"It was like this," explained Mr. Sprigge, "I fell for her. Second barmaid at the 'Old Anchor' she was. We were married very orderly, and this I will say, that she was faithful, so long as the money lasted. She made it move from the start. Well, if the middle-aged marry youth, they've got to pay for their fun, and I didn't grudge her anything."

"How long did that last?" asked Jack.

"Eighteen months. I can see now that she was keeping her eyes on the future and making her arrangements to take on another man when the crash came. You might have heard of Bob Swan, the 'welter'? A very rising man. She went to him, and he gave me twenty-five pounds to divorce her; which I did do."

"Then what?"

"Then I took to drink," confessed the Marmot frankly, "went down and down and fell ill at last; and but for a proper good chap at Bart's Hospital I'd have been a goner. But he saved me in that matter. He said in his sensible way that I'd never make a good blackguard, or a good anything, if I lost my liver. He said a man must have his liver in good fighting trim if he is to pull his weight even in the criminal classes."

"Sound chap," said Jack. "I'd like to meet him."

"So I'm very sparing in that matter nowadays and my health's good, except for not having enough to eat."

"Are you hungry now, Marmot?"

"Ravenous, Mr. Mostyn—like a tiger gnawing the bars of his cage, sir."

The big man rose.

"I'll look round," he said. "Everybody's in bed—where we ought to be."

Jack departed and his brother viewed Marmot without enthusiasm; but the old boxer already knew that he was safe and his spirits had risen. He gazed upon the white expanse of Wilfred's bosom with admiration.

"I ain't seen a gentleman's shirt-front for two years, so help me, God!" he said.

"THE question is whether you oughtn't, to see the inside of the lock-up," began Wilfred.

"You know what's going to happen, of course, and lucky for you. It's a very unusual thing in my experience for evil to be rewarded with good; and if it was any other time but Christmas - time I should protest against it. But you chose the psychological moment, and now that my brother is obviously going to bury the hatchet and put you on your legs again, I hope you'll have sufficient sense of decency and sportsmanship to react like a man and a Christian."

"D'you mean he's going to let me off?"

"You know perfectly well he's going to let you off. If he'd caught a rat instead of a marmot to-night he'd have let the beast off. Look at that tray."

Jack had indeed entered with varied fare.

"Fall to and don't mind your manners, Marmot. One bottle of lager beer, you'll notice, and no more. Eat, and then I'll consider what the deuce I must do with you."

But it did not take the old heavy-weight very long to come to a conclusion. It suddenly occurred to him that there was need of a handy man for a month, to help his gardener with a new plantation, and in his heart he had also determined that if Sandy Sprigge performed adequately during that period, he would find permanent room for him. His mind ran on to another possibility also.

"YOU can't get away from facts," he explained apologetically to Wilfred when the visitor, with a pound in his pocket, was sped and ordered to reappear on the morning after Boxing Day.

"Of course, it's all wrong and not true humanitarianism and anti-social and all that, and the little beggar ought to have had a hard lesson for his soul's sake; but, as I say, you can't get away from the fact it was thanks to him I outed that exceptional soldier and won one of my hardest fights.

"There's another bright thought, too. He can help little Jack and your godson with their boxing. They're six and eight years old you know, and it's time they began to think about it seriously if they're going to be useful."

NEXT WEEK: A REAL LIFE STORY BY **JANE DOE** who tells of her encounter with a murderer, and of the uncanny premonition which warned her of the man's real calibre.

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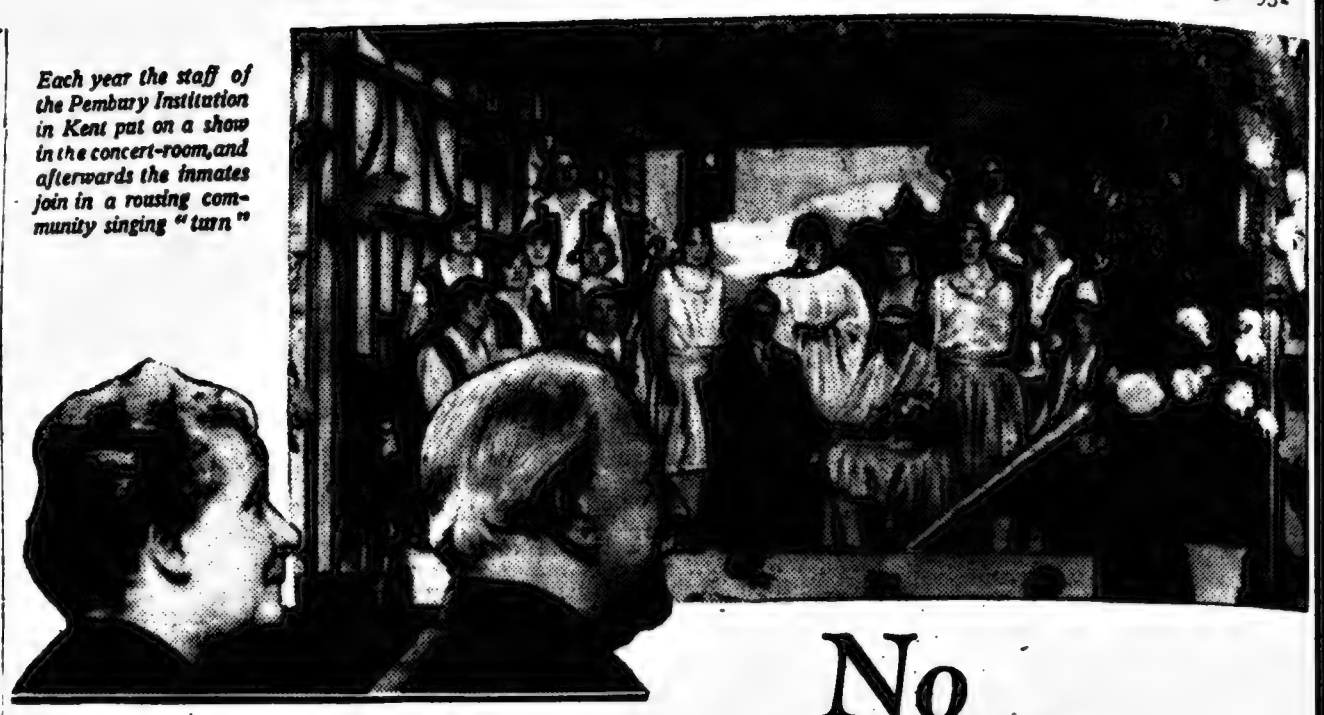

Each year the staff of the Pembury Institution in Kent put on a show in the concert-room, and afterwards the inmates join in a rousing community singing "turn"

No Oliver Twists now!

NOT far short of 300,000 men, women and children, inmates of 1,100 Poor Law Institutions scattered throughout Britain, will be the guests of the local authorities this Christmas.

They still call it "the House" or "the Spike," and they have the same proud dread of passing under its portals, but it is a better place than ever it was, and the new regime intends to make it better still.

At any rate, Bumble is dead—Oliver Twist can have a second helping if he wants one!

True, old Darby and Joan are still held apart for 364 days of the year, but at the Christmas feast they meet again. "The Spike" is ablaze with lights and laughter at these pathetically happy reunions.

Sometimes great saloon-cars draw up at the doors and elderly folk receive their visitors in style. Some of these old people are pensioners who have found it impossible to keep up homes on ten shillings a week.

There are heroes of battles fought half a century ago; seamen who rounded the Horn in tall ships; gunners who bombarded Alexandria in '82; and those younger men of Mons and the Marne who have since lost the bitter battle of peace.

In twenty-five London unions no fewer than 50,000 people will assemble in huge dining halls to a meal of roast pork, roast beef, puddings, cakes, and fruit; and afterwards a pipe of good tobacco, a glass of honest beer, and maybe a pinch of snuff.

FAMILIES will be reunited. The children will be there. Sing-songs, smoking concerts, kinemas, all sorts of high jinks to meet all tastes will make them forget, if only for a few hours.

At the London County Council's Children's Receiving Home in Lloyd Street, Central London, there will be a splendid feast for otherwise homeless kiddies, with crackers, fruit and toys to round it off.

Some of the institutions have traditions. Ruddy-haired Felix Golding knew no other home than "the House" at Calne, Wiltshire. At sixteen he was killed in the Dardanelles, and this Christmas the children will honour his memory.

For old folk and young the London County Council have increased the scale of good cheer—half-a-crown more each on the children, three shillings on the aged and infirm, and three-and-sixpence on the young men in the training colonies.

So in the provinces, in Manchester and district, workers are bustling about preparations for 4,000 people who are to be fed on the same scale as the average home. Twelve hundred people will see a first-class kinema show; Santa Claus and several of his brothers will disappear under a wave of frantic children.

What of Weary Willie and Tired Tim, the lads of the road? Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck once declared that seventy in every hundred of the 40,000 wanderers want work. Well, they are not forgotten, nor the inveterate idle.

At Tamestreet, the largest casual ward in the country, the "grub" will be something to remember, and it will be the same in nearly all the wayside refuges. The northerners all know Craigmoray, near Elgin. It is always a case of "house full" there from Christmas to Hogmanay.

The Gloucestershire Federation of Women's Institutes assembled under the presidency of the Duchess of Beaufort not so long ago to look into the matter of additional food for workhouse inmates. Trust the women to get things done. They don't believe in empty stomachs.

There will be good dinners for everybody. The Reverend Herbert Moore, M.A., of Nantwich, in Cheshire, would give the poor in the local institution champagne if he could afford it. As it is they get beer—and no doubt like it better!

Glasgow Corporation has arranged a special treat for the seventeen hundred poor at Barnhill, a concert in the afternoon by an outside party, and another in the evening by the inmates themselves. Every child will have a toy. The festivities—as is customary in Scotland—extend over New Year's Eve as well.

In Sheffield, where are upwards of two thousand poor folk in institutions, there will be an abundance of food and tobacco, and afterwards a film show. In Bristol the ratepayers will entertain close on 2,300, and Birmingham will provide for five thousand odd. In Liverpool, where they draw the line at beer, seven thousand will tuck in to hot-pot, stew, puddings and fruit.

IT will be a day of days at Poplar Workhouse. A thousand elderly people will rise, sweep and make things shipshape, and then go to eggs for breakfast. For dinner there'll be roast pork, plum pudding, fruit, sweets, tobacco, beer and nuts, and a concert in the evening by the workhouse master and his staff.

It has been a "dry" house at Market Bosworth for several seasons, but there will be plenty to eat. Nay, there will even be some golden weddings and many happy reunions.

Economies there may be in a few places, but the general spirit is to defy all thoughts of depression. How much more we should all love to do. . . .

Good will at least there will be; a glimpse of happiness—and hope.

The Human Machine

DON'T PUNISH YOURSELF

PEOPLE who grumble at having to work hard should make certain that their grumbles are not really based on their own inefficiency.

Hard labour is a punishment that a surprising number of people inflict on themselves every day because they never realise that the finest and keenest tool in their possession is thought. When they survey a job of work they estimate its difficulties by its quantity instead of its quality.

All of us make lots of tasks hard for ourselves because we fail to plan, fail to think out in advance how we are going to do them, with the result that we often find ourselves doing them two or three times over. It is not the energy we expend on a job that makes the job hard—it is the energy we waste.

It is not always the amount of knowledge in his head that makes us call an expert "clever." What makes a man an expert is his ability to do a job smoothly and well. An expert is essentially a person who never wastes either physical or mental energy. He works quickly and smoothly because he knows before he starts exactly what he is going to do and how he is going to do it.

How many of us ever do one single thing really well? Yet what is there to stop any of us being expert? The only essential difference between the expert and the other fellow is that the former has taken the trouble to learn his job.

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One War WE MUST FIGHT!

A gas attack on the stronghold of a rat colony. We want more wars like this

THE country is fighting hard to balance the National Budget, yet the sum involved is less than the damage caused by the rat population of Britain every two years.

Experts at the Ministry of Agriculture and the College of Pestology assure us that the depredations caused by the rodents cost this country **£70,000,000** annually.

Even then this huge figure does not take into account the rat menace of the nation's health in the spread of ruinous diseases—bubonic plague, swine fever, trichinosis and influenza. Foot-and-mouth disease, of which the rat is a carrier, has cost millions in the last few years.

Millions nibbled away

The rat is also a robber on a vast scale. We cannot afford to tolerate the pest at best of times, and now that economy is the strict watchword both of the nation and the individual, the call for action is even more pressing.

Make no mistake about it, the rat is mankind's greatest enemy. The depredations of all the wild beasts of nature are a flea-bite compared with the little-seen and unspectacular menace that teems in the sewers and drainpipes, cellars and basements, refuse heaps and dumps, ships and warehouses.

The College of Pestology puts the world's annual rat bill at the staggering figure of **£2,000,000,000**, which makes the rat as dangerous and costly as a world war. Our share of that is **£70,000,000**. And what do we do about it?

We hold a rat week once a year.

Could anything be more farcical?

Two famous rat-catchers: Jack and Tom Howard, dead shots, cover a hole while the ferret does his bit.

Here is one of our greatest scourges, and we meet it with one week of half-hearted war and fifty-one weeks of armistice.

And such a rat week! The Ministry of Agriculture and the local authorities issue reams of propaganda; the professional rat-catchers do overtime; a few unemployed go round with poison and snares, ferrets and terriers; an occasional conscientious householder baits inefficient traps—then, peace is declared for another year, and the **£70,000,000** annual bill starts all over again.

To realise how ridiculous the situation is, imagine that to combat the fire menace we had "fire brigade weeks" once a year. London's fire bill runs to about half a million a year. Last year the figure was £473,976.

London's fire-fighting organisation, with its sixty-two fire stations, hundreds of engines, 2,266 officers and men, 1,686 street alarms and thousands of private alarms, is one of the finest in the world.

Ideal homes for rats

If you consult the London Directory you will find less than a dozen firms of rat-catchers and about twice as many devoted to the manufacture of poisons and traps.

Out of sight, out of mind. If only the damage caused by rats were translated into something spectacular like a fire, what an outcry there would be!

It is strange that a country that has led the world in the safeguarding of health and wealth should be so complacent in the matter.

At every point, except one, we jealously guard the wealth and health of the nation. But the rat we ignore.

Of course, to harbour rats in one's premises is officially a crime, but only officially. We have on the Statute Book the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act, 1919, under which heavy penalties may be inflicted on people who fail to prevent these pests from thriving and infesting premises.

But how often are there any prosecutions?

Public authorities are among the chief offenders against this Act. It is notorious that refuse dumps are the favourite breeding grounds, as everyone who lives in the vicinity of these places knows. Ideal homes for rats with central heating and food laid on, is how it is aptly described.

Why are those responsible for the dumps not prosecuted more frequently? It is a poor example of public-spiritedness to hold out to the individual householder.

Disease doesn't matter

The sheer economics of the thing call for action. An expert states that a rat eats about a farthing's worth of food per day, and that the average warehouse supports a population of about a thousand rodents. Here, then, is a food bill of **£400** a year with structural damage to match.

Surely a professional rat-catcher at **£150** a year would pay for his services several times over.

How many large warehouses have a permanent rat-catcher?

Guard duties are limited to a night-watchman who waits for the occasional menace of the burglar while the real marauders scamper all around him in the darkness making their haul every hour of the day and night.

Acts of Parliament will never rid us of this plague. A rigorous enforcement of the Rat Destruction Act can do much, but we must also have better methods of destruction.

Rat week has got to become rat year. Haphazard action is useless. The war must be prosecuted relentlessly.

Most important of all, science must be called into the fight to provide better fumigants and gases, more deadly poisons, more efficient traps and improved methods generally.

Science is ready

In almost all the other arts of life—and death—science has proved an unfailing handmaiden, and if called on she could master the furry plague of the underworld just as effectively as she is mastering the malaria-spreading mosquito and other pests of mankind.

We have to take the rat seriously. He has got to be fought and, as nearly as possible, exterminated.

Seventy millions, plus health, is the issue at stake. Why lose the one, and risk the other?. Why let all this wealth leak away in the sewers?

They cost us almost as much as our Army and Navy, and we leave rats in peace to breed at an ever-increasing rate.

Rat Week? . . . Rats!

Best Christmas Bargain

To enable every reader to seize an exceptional Christmas opportunity, the offer of the valuable JOHN BULL New Illustrated Dictionary at half-price is repeated this week. Not only can this very fine volume still be obtained for ten shillings, but it will be delivered for only a shilling deposit.

No more practical and interesting gift has ever been produced. Turn now to Page 36 for the free Christmas half-price voucher and full particulars.

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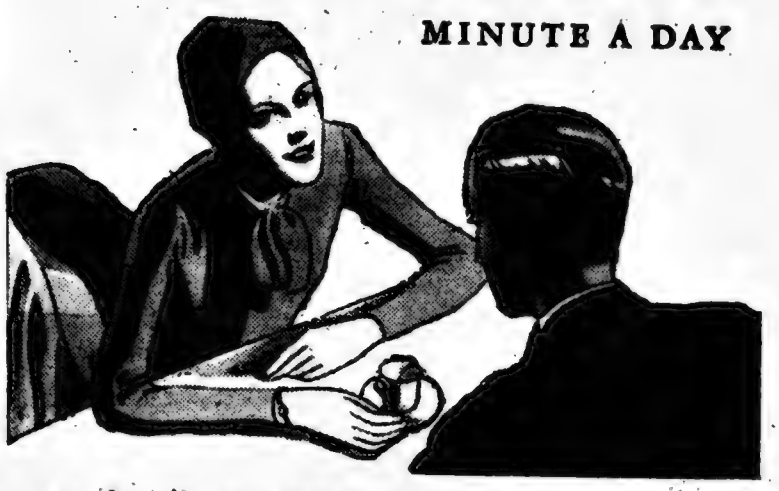

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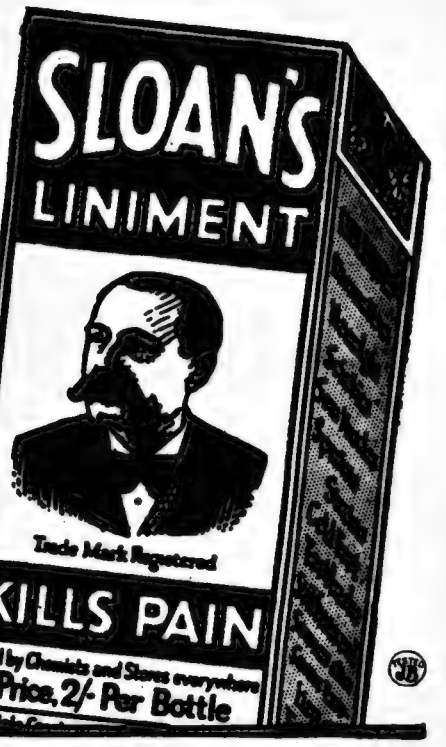

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AG *the paper of perfect purity—*

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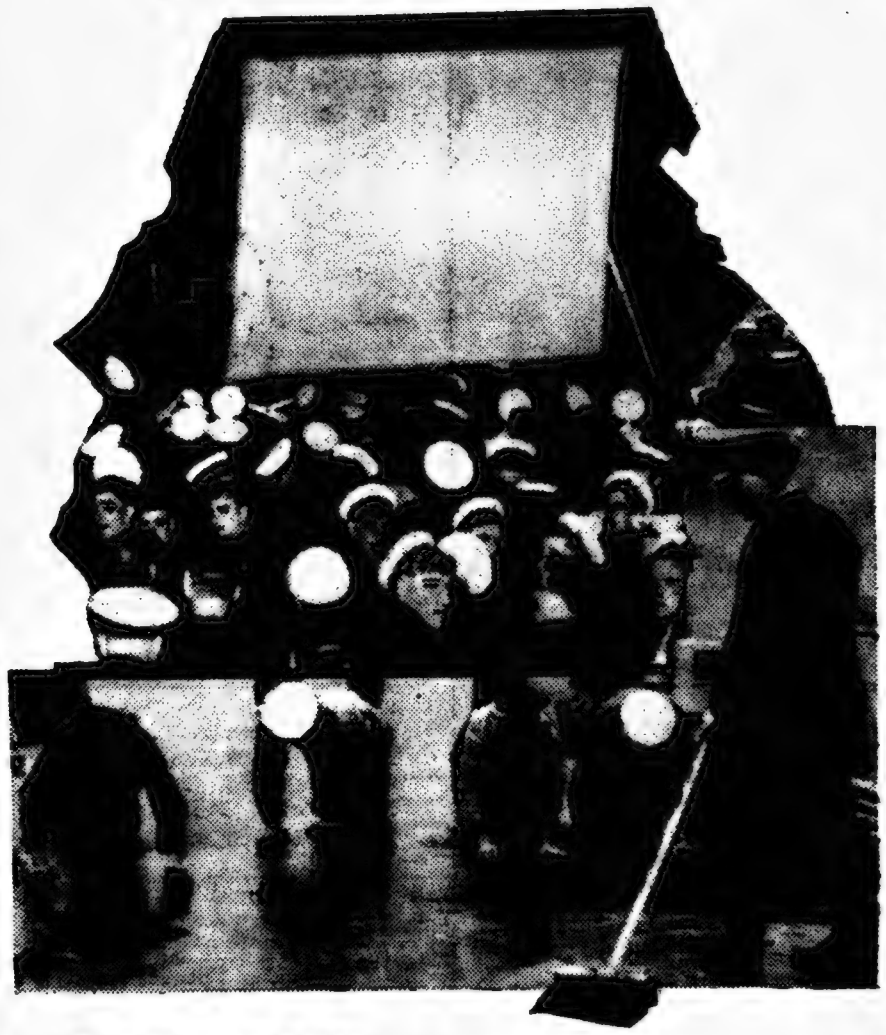

Jack at work and Jack at play—holystoning the decks and waiting for the film show to commence aboard H.M.S. "Nelson"

HAVE you ever wondered how the Royal Navy spends its evenings at sea?

Perhaps you've imagined that Jack Tar retires to his bunk and writes sentimental letters to his girls in every port; or that he sings sea shanties in intervals of dominoes and hornpipes.

Let us explain. He goes to the pictures!

It doesn't matter where he is or on what type of ship, Jack has always got the kinema to go to. He can count on Garbo to remind him of the girl he met at Margate and on Chaplin's pranks to drive away the blues.

Commander Hill, R.N., who is in charge of the sailors' recreation, told JOHN BULL all about it.

Films were introduced into the Navy during the war, and since 1919 every battleship, cruiser, aircraft-carrier and depôt ship has been equipped for showing films.

Floating kinemas

There are at present eighteen ships which prowl about the Atlantic; nineteen in the Mediterranean squadron; seven which sail the adventurous China Seas; two which patrol the coasts of Africa; two for Australia and another pair for New Zealand; four which cruise pleasantly round the West Indies and the Americas; and three which watch our interests in the distant East Indies.

In addition there are kinemas in the shore barracks at Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham, and in most of the Naval canteens abroad, such as Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, Bermuda and Trincomali.

Every ship, whether steaming alone in mid-ocean or at anchor in some Eastern port, has a change of programme at least once a week. Over half of them, as well as all the barracks and canteens, have two changes weekly.

From which you will immediately realise that the task of distributing the films is a harder one than any the renters in Wardour Street have to face. Yet the Y.M.C.A. never fails, although the ships are away in distant seas for three months at a time.

Films are hired for, say, four months, and are circulated to each ship in turn. The interchange is effected by oilers—not yet by air—first between ships in the same squadron and then on to another squadron possibly four thousand miles away.

Jack pays

Each ship makes individual repayment to the Association for the cost of the films it hires and for their transport.

Who foots the bill? The nation—that is, the taxpayers? No! The Tars themselves, but indirectly.

All payments are made out of the canteen funds, which are actually the profits from the sale of food and tobacco. And the ships' officers subscribe handsomely to the funds.

Not a penny is asked from the Tars for the shows. There is no "box-office"; neither is there a penny granted by the Admiralty.

The operators are sailors, trained under the vocational training system of the Navy, and they receive for their work a nominal fee—again from the canteen funds.

Shows are given five nights in the week, on Sunday nights for the officers and on four week nights for the Tars.

The nightly programme has a full-length feature film, a short two-reel comedy and a news reel. The average programme lasts for two hours.

The temporary kinema is arranged in the fo'c'sle on the upper deck, and the film is projected from aft forward to a portable screen erected in the bow. The audience is under an awning.

In inclement weather, which applies all the time to the Atlantic Fleet and the ships in home waters, the show is held between decks.

After supper the band plays, or the men sing, or a gramophone blares until darkness falls. Then the operator flashes his first romantic beam on the screen, to a roar of cheers and catcalls. Then the riot of fun begins in real earnest.

No film audience is more unsympathetic than an unrestrained crowd of light-hearted sailors, determined to enjoy their evening—none so quick to offer critical comments and free advice to the shadows of the screen.

Admiral Charles Chaplin!

Sugary clinches too long continued are greeted with resounding solo kisses from all parts of the deck, and with remarks which would amaze the sentimental clinchers could they but hear.

After every film the Tars are asked to send in their opinion of that particular type of picture.

If the sailors had their way, Chaplin would be made an admiral, so long as it did not prevent him making pictures. No one can be quite sure yet what Garbo would be made. Wait till the Navy hears her talk.

For there's the rub. The Navy now has only silent films. And as the world is running short of silent films there's bound to be a crisis soon.

The trouble is the cost of installing talkie apparatus. They need £25,000, and the canteen fund's small margin of profit will not run to that.

Actually a move was made about a year ago, and in the spring five ships were fitted with talkie apparatus for three months' free trial.

It was necessary, for one thing, to find out how gun fire and the ship's normal vibrations affected the delicate apparatus.

But now, unfortunately, the matter stands exactly where it did. And every corner of the world is being combed for silent films.

A few ships and shore establishments have fitted apparatus on their own initiative and at their own expense; and the men thrill to the words of Norma, Ann or Gloria, and swear irritably when a strong cross-wind blows a spicy mouthful overboard.

But talkies must come to the Navy—and soon!

Race with "Silver Ring"

PHOTO the FINISHES

SPEAKING at the "Gimcrack" dinner, Mr. Gerald Deane suggested that a great deal of controversy would be avoided in the case of tight finishes if the horses were photographed as they flashed past the post.

This is an excellent suggestion and one that has been advocated in my notes. I have seen it in operation in Germany and it saves disputes as to whether the judge has blundered. In all close finishes the result is not announced until the course photographer has printed his photo of the finish—a matter of a few minutes.

The photograph is displayed for the benefit of the racegoers, the numbers go up and the "Tote" pays out.

At Lingfield this week-end make a note of Libourg, Sir Cricpen and Remus. The last-mentioned may come up at a nice price.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 17, to Wednesday, December 23.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K
C R D E I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95WB2488H would read GRACKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

98EEUSTOV would read ALL OVER.

"SILVER RING."

JOHN BULL WIRELESS CONCERTS

EVERY SUNDAY

FROM RADIO PARIS

COMMENCING DECEMBER 27

On Sunday night, December 27th, at 10.30 p.m., "John Bull" will broadcast from Radio Paris the first of a series of magnificent vocal and instrumental concerts, featuring star artistes.

In connection with these superb Sunday evening entertainments all listeners will be given every week an opportunity to enter a fascinating and simple Radio Competition in which

£500 MUST BE WON

In initiating this great series of Sunday Concerts for British listeners, "John Bull" makes Radio history.

Tell your friends about this wonderful series of Radio Concerts every Sunday evening; and look out for full details and programme in next week's "John Bull."

REMINDER
Cut this out and pin it over your Wireless Set

SUNDAY DECEMBER 27

RADIO PARIS 10.30 p.m.
JOHN BULL RADIO CONCERT
£500 MUST BE WON

Give Him a

MYATT

DAYMARK RAZOR SET

A Superb Example of British Craftsmanship

Not only British—but ALL-British

THE Myatt Daymark Razor is NEW—unique in construction, remarkable in value. The shave it gives is a sheer luxury. Easy, smooth, clean, quick. No gift will bring so much satisfaction.

Model 210. Silver-plated Daymark Razor and ten Myatt Blades with unique spare blade box in handsome plated velvet-lined spring-lid case. *The Set* **10/6**

Model 200. Heavily Plated Daymark Razor, five Myatt Daymark Blades and spare blade box. Handsome crushed morocco-grain velvet-lined leatherette case. *The Set* **5/-**

Model 199. Standard Model Heavily Plated Razor, plated case for spare blades, and one Myatt Daymark Blade. Handsome velvet-lined leatherette, spring-lid case. *The Set* **2/6**

Always use Myatt Daymark Blades, 3d. each; 5 for 1/3. Awarded th War Office Contract to the British Army for the fourth successive time

Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd.
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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, &c.

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Let us send you particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our Course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

We also teach by post for all other careers including Police, Air Force, Civil Service.

We specialise in all examinations, Technical, and Commercial, etc.

In many trades and professions there are more vacancies than trained men to fill them. We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but our gigantic organisation certainly does tell us where the demand exists, thus enabling us to give FATHERLY ADVICE ON ALL CAREERS AND PROSPECTS OF EMPLOYMENT FREE.

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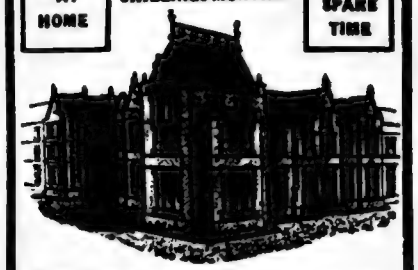

Note Address carefully:—

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ART DEPT. 207, SHEFFIELD.

John Peck and Co., Ltd., have been established in Liverpool for over 100 years, and have an unsurpassed reputation for quality and value. They only make overalls of which they are proud, and if you want real satisfaction you cannot obtain better.

The garment illustrated is the famous "Fitzgerald" Bib and Brace Overall, made in strong blue dungaree cloth.

Price 5/6

Wholesale only JOHN PECK & CO., Ltd., Peabear Factory, Liverpool.

Human Documents

A Sinister CINDERELLA

JOHN BULL'S new "Humanist," Mr. Philip Inman, has already tackled the problems of hundreds of our readers.

You are invited to bring your own troubles to him through the post, addressed as usual to "Humanist," "John Bull." Send a stamped addressed envelope. For the most interesting problems published "John Bull" will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

IT is now more than a year since my husband and I separated. We had three children, one boy now at school, and two little baby girls.

From the first I was not happy. My husband's infidelities began before the newness had worn off my wedding-ring. For the sake of peace, I tried to believe the best. I refused to listen to rumours. But it was no use. He only grew bolder and carried on his "flirtations" more openly.

The climax came when one week-end, returning earlier than expected from a visit to my parents, I found a very smart young woman, my latest rival, installed in my home. This, of course, I could not condone, and I told him I should get a divorce.

My husband told me that if I did so he would lose his position—a high-salaried one under a public authority—and if he became unemployed I should be the one to suffer. He suggested that we should separate by mutual consent, and said that if I agreed he would pay the fees for the boy's school, and, in addition, allow me two hundred a year to keep myself and the little girls.

SOLELY for the sake of the children I agreed, with the mental reservation that I would become self-supporting and free of him at the earliest possible moment.

I secured a cottage in the country, where I grow fruit and flowers and rear poultry. Suddenly, a fortnight ago, my husband made a dramatic return, bringing with him his woman friend. In a second car were his aunt and uncle and a young girl cousin.

This poor young woman was born during a London air-raid, and her mind is seriously affected. She has developed a peculiarly trying sex-complex. She does all sorts of mad things—one night she appeared at a dinner party in her parents' home clad only in a flimsy nightdress.

My husband informed me that as he paid me an income I might as well earn it. I must, therefore, take this girl into my home and look after her.

Though I stoutly protested, the girl, with her luggage, was dumped down in my tiny parlour and the cars drove away. As I write, this disturbing girl is sitting moodily before the fire, and when I move she looks at me from under her eyelids in a way that terrifies me.

It is an ordeal to have her in the house, especially as my children are frightened to death of her. What is more, there is a pond at the back of my garden, and I dare not sleep for fear she should one day commit suicide and I be held responsible. Yet, without an appeal to the law, what can I do?

"HUMANIST" says: You should not keep that girl in your house a day longer. Her presence is definitely harmful to you and your children. Request your husband to take her away immediately. You have been far too lenient with him already.

Then consult a solicitor and have a separation agreement drawn up. This would not involve court proceedings, unless your husband disagreed to the terms.

If he did so there is only one course open to you. Petition for a legal separation or a divorce. If your husband is made to realise that you mean business he will probably treat you decently rather than risk losing his position.

A BLACKMAILER

with a ledger

ON my rounds as a commercial traveller I receive money from customers in payment of their accounts. A few months ago a customer paid the same account twice without his knowledge, although I was aware of his mistake later.

I persuaded myself that there was not the remotest chance of being found out, and I omitted to pay the money to my firm. When I again saw that particular customer he had discovered his mistake, and requested me to procure a statement of his account showing that the overpaid amount had been credited to him. This I agreed to do within a few days. I was now in an alarming position and at my wits' end to know what to do.

In my desperation I took one of the ledger clerks at the firm into my confidence, and at his suggestion I arranged to pay back the money into the customer's account and he agreed to alter the ledgers. I was indeed thankful to feel that the whole wretched business had been straightened out, as for days I had worried dreadfully about it.

Some weeks later, however, the clerk approached me and asked me to lend him money. Having a wife and family dependent on me I could ill-afford to do so, but out of gratitude for his kind action I acceded to his request, fully expecting repayment the same week. But although I have frequently reminded him, the loan is still outstanding.

A few days ago he asked me for a further sum. This, of course, I refused, as I certainly could not afford to let him have money with no prospects of repayment.

He at once became threatening, and said that unless I did so he would expose me to the manager. If he did that I should certainly be dismissed. Rather than take the risk I gave him the money, though I realise that this is a form of blackmail.

The old haunting fear has come back again, and I wonder if you can advise me what I ought to do.

"HUMANIST" says: By embezzling your firm's money you were guilty of dishonesty, but your colleague who aided and abetted you was equally guilty. Now he adds blackmail to his crime.

Tell him to do his worst. If he exposes you, he incriminates himself. He is not likely to do that, for blackmailers are notorious cowards and bullies.

I will not moralise so far as you are concerned. You have had your lesson and you are never likely to do it again.

THE CUCKOO

in the fifty-year-old love nest

FOR fifty-two years I have been a faithful wife, and to-day I love my husband as dearly as ever.

But over our lives there has crept a dark shadow. He has a sister who has always been a mischief-maker and who, some years ago, nearly succeeded in breaking up our home.

Last spring my husband brought her to live permanently with us, and life since then has been almost unbearable. She pretends that she is an invalid, and I am expected to wait on her hand and foot. If I complain, my husband tells me I can go, as he prefers his sister's company to mine.

Although I am now turned eighty I get up at six every morning to get my work done, as I am not so agile as I used to be.

We have three daughters and one son, all happily married, and rather than give them any worry, I have kept my grief to myself.

"HUMANIST" says: You are a plucky soul, but you should not nurse your grievance any longer. Why not confide in that boy of yours—a word from him to his father may make him see sense. The mischief-maker must be made to take her proper place, which is secondary, and not supreme to the wife.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Mother who Weeps

A WOMAN sits fighting back the tears. In her arms is her eight months old baby, and by her side her two fragile little daughters.

Her husband, who was wounded in the war, and has only one hand now, tells us a pitiable story of their struggle for existence.

"I have tried my best," he said, "to support my family. I have worked for nearly four and a half years at a London wharf doing the same work as men with two hands, but, owing to not having a Port of London Registration Card, I was barred from getting any more work there. I have tried to get other employment, but failed."

When, four years ago, he was turned out of his home because it was condemned, his only son, now aged seven years old, was taken into a guardians' home. "We have not had the money to go and see him for a year," said his mother, "and it chokes me when he says, 'Mummie, I thought you had forgotten me.'"

Their 12s. a week relief in kind was discontinued eight months ago, because, the father explained, "I was told that I must leave my wife and children to go to a farm training centre. This I refused to do, as I knew I would never be able to stand the long hours and work on a farm owing to my disability."

So he and his wife are practically starving.

"When she sits and thinks," said her husband, "she bursts into tears, and that is what I feel like myself many a time, but one has to bear up. My clothes have been given to me. Underclothing I have none—only what I have on my body—and my wife is in the same position. Boots I have none, and the children only sand shoes."

"We are happy enough together," said his wife, "but we didn't think we should have to go through this."

Will our readers stretch out a helping hand to this starving family? All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Where names are given acknowledgments will be sent by post. Lists of subscriptions may be seen at this office.

We gratefully acknowledge £4 from Widow Lucy.

Are you a Sufferer from Asthma or Bronchitis?

If so, don't waste time, but send for your FREE TRIAL of Potter's Asthma Cure and prove for yourself that it actually does give sweet and soothing relief and frees you from the awful difficulty of breathing

However badly and however long you have suffered from Asthma, Bronchitis or other Chest or Lung Trouble, immediate relief will be yours when you use Potter's Asthma Cure. Why continue to struggle for breath and be almost suffocated when you can be easy, comfortable, free from discomfort and be enabled to carry on your usual occupation and recreations? Please note that Potter's Asthma Cure is perfectly safe and entirely free from opiates. Mr. E. C., Sawtrey, writes: "Potter's Asthma Cure has done me a world of good. I can go to bed and have a good night's rest without being propped up in bed."

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET TO-DAY

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"John Bull." (PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

£800

And 137 Christmas Turkeys Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 143.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £750 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £375 will be despatched:

W. Rawlins, The Poplars, Ellerdine, Wellington, Salop.

Mrs. E. Jenner, 3, Bedlam St., Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 29th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 135 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £7 5s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the two winners who share £750 and each of the 135 who share £50, will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Turkey.

IMPORTANT NOTE:— **Will W. Ogilvy, entrant of a one-error coupon, please send full address, quoting Postal Order number?**

Another Splendid X-Word, with a first prize of £800 and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up, appears on Page 32. In addition every prize-winner in this Contest will also receive an Extra Award of a New Year Bonus of £1. Try your skill now!

INSURE against SKIN Trouble!

You insure against FIRE—against BURGLARS—why not against SKIN TROUBLE? **It is far more likely and may be far more serious!** A tiny scratch—NEGLECTED, a little **rash**—NEGLECTED, a broken **blister, a scald, a cut, a burn**—NEGLECTED, costs you a small fortune . . . . and your *health* as well! Why risk Blood-Poisoning; crippling Ulcers or Bad Leg; maddening, obstinate Rash?—when by spending **fifteen pennies** *now* on Germolene Ointment you can snap your fingers at the threat of Skin Trouble—ever!

Germolene Brand Ointment in the House is worth more than an Insurance Policy!

Insurance can't *prevent* trouble; GERMOLENE Ointment—handy—can, and does! But it MUST be Germolene, the ointment with the unique ASEPTIC action. Germolene Ointment's wonderful ASEPTIC action SOOTHES AT A TOUCH, wiping out pain and suffering as water puts out a fire; starts rapid healing in the *first minute:* gently EJECTS germs and poisons (never burns them out); and heals the worst wound in record time—WITHOUT SCARS!

Germolene Brand Ointment NEVER FAILS!

Months and Months of AGONY—then RELIEF with Germolene Brand Ointment

Ex-Police Sergt. R. Hammersley, of Alton House, Brierfield, Lancs, says: *"6 years ago a small boil started on my left ankle. I tried all kinds of remedies, even special treatment, without relief; the sore continued to spread, till about a month ago my leg had 4 holes in it and was full of inflammation and matter. Then at last I tried your Germolene Ointment. The FIRST application brought instant ease and relief: IN ABOUT 3 WEEKS IT HAD HEALED RIGHT UP, WITH A BEAUTIFUL HEALTHY SKIN!"*

Germolene Ointment is the FASTEST Healer for ULCERS, RASH, CUTS, BURNS SCALDS, BAD LEGS, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, PSORIASIS, OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE.

Unique ASEPTIC Action.

1. Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY
2. Gently EJECTS germs and poisons; never burns them out.
3. Heals the worst wound in record time—without scars!

"Soothes at a Touch" *All Chemists.*

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC Ointment (1/3 & 3/-) for EVERY SKIN Trouble.

You can make THIS economy to-day

Cheap valves are a mistake; but don't pay more than you need. ETA valves are as low as you can go in price without sacrificing efficiency. No valve gives a better account of itself; no valve is more satisfactory and economical in use. NEXT TIME YOU NEED A VALVE BE SURE YOU GET ETA VALVES.

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Hutcheonad

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS as offered by the "Big Two" for the Flat apply to racing under

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NO LIMIT, Single Events, Win or Place.
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LETTER COMMISSIONS accepted from 1/- up to any amount on any race in accordance with our rules. Daily Settlements. Winnings by return post.

FOOTBALL FIXED PRICE & LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR

14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

6 LEAGUE, 5 LEAGUE, 4 LEAGUE.

NOTHING BARRED
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In connection with our famous "CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS, thousands of Football Fans are now wearing "Challenger" Ties. Full particulars of our remarkable **FREE** offer, by return if you mention this paper.

To agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

MY PLANS for CHRISTMAS

"So that Father Christmas won't forget the nippers"

MY plans for Christmas are to keep smiling and make as brave a show as I can.

Get some fruit and odds and ends in, so that Father Christmas won't forget the nippers.

Find a cheaper recipe for a pudding than my usual one. Get some holly and evergreens from the hedgerows, and make the place look Christmassy.

If the weather permits, arrange a nice walk for the afternoon; think out a few games to amuse us all in the evening.

And so try to help my husband to feel that he does not belong to the unemployed.—*A Perplexed Mother.*

Scrooge Awakes

"O wad some power the giftie gie us . . ."

I came across a volume of Dickens, and as in a mirror I saw my own life. My miserable meanness and uncharitable soul were laid bare to me, and I hated myself—this unmistakable counterpart of Ebenezer Scrooge.

He created a kindly being out of a miserly wretch, and this coming Christmas I shall find *my* happiness in giving.

I shall find joy in the delight of youngsters, and in the pleasure I will afford to the needy. Perchance I have not hoarded in vain.—"*Goodwill*," *Shrewsbury.*

All Together

For over six months I have been concocting schemes to secure an ideal Christmas. Now, unless anything unforeseen happens, I and my husband will have the unspeakable joy of seeing our fourteen children sitting with us round the festive board.

Eight different counties will provide the majority of them, so that certain variants of speech and custom may, occasionally, upset my plans. But, oh! the joy of preparing for such a unique event.—*G. D., Walsall.*

The Warrior's Dream

For the past eight years I have spent Christmas in the East. Usually December 25 has been a blazing hot day, and, though the boys have kept up Christmas as well as they could, the real home spirit has been lacking.

This Christmas I've planned a day at home, with a fire of real logs and one who has uncomplainingly waited through the lonely years—my dream Christmas, at last.—*Tommy, Aldershot.*

Daddy's Guerdon

Early on Christmas morning I shall wheel a pram, containing a reclining figure, into a tiny bedroom, taking care not to waken the person sleeping there. This will complete my plans—the presenting of my daughter with her heart's desire—a doll's pram and a dolly.

The toys are of the cheap variety, obtained only through scrimping and saving, but will be worth it when I hear the surprised and gratified cry, "Oh, daddy!"—"*Mariner*," *Fife.*

Desire, and Convention

To go away to a comfortable, old-world inn in some lonely mountain district, there to spend Christmas restfully and in peace and quietness with, in the evening, a good book and warm fire as companions—such are my plans.

But they are very unlikely to mature. The chains of convention are hard to break.

When the time comes I shall be dragged away to some rowdy party, to listen to crude humour and inane chatter. Afterwards, relatives will call at my house and we will exchange useless gifts that none of us want.—"*Weary*," *Edinburgh.*

A Lucky Coin

My plans for Christmas centre round a good deed done every Christmas since 1918.

I was a tramp without funds and, not caring to beg, I was in rather a sad plight.

Passing a baker's window, I was staring hungrily at the goods displayed when a hand closed on mine, and I found myself the owner of a half-crown—*one with a hole in it.*

From that day my luck turned, and I have never been in want since. I now collect coins with holes in them, and each Christmas I distribute them among "Gentlemen of the road."—*Krusty, Dumfries.*

Up to the B.B.C.

One of the thousands of sufferers from bad trade—my plans for Christmas are left entirely in the hands of that admirable organisation the B.B.C.

Through this means I shall be able to enjoy what would otherwise be a dull Christmas. I feel confident that, as in the past, we shall be given some real good "stuff," so—

"Hats off to the B.B.C.!"—*N. K., Yorks.*

When They Smile

Six a.m. Christmas morning: I shall pursue my usual duties as nurse in a large hospital. Later on I shall give little presents to patients in my ward, who are either orphans or whose relatives are too poor to send them anything.

It is enough to see them smile.

Two p.m.: For the first time in six years I hope to eat my Christmas dinner with my widowed mother and sister. But I don't grudge the other five Christmases on duty.—*A Mental Nurse.*

He Can Still Laugh

I am a clown. For years I have drawn audiences to the theatre for the Christmas pantomime. Now I only draw the "dole"—so many of us have been "silenced" by the "talkies."

But this Christmas I shall On with the Motley and make believe once again. I shall bring roars of laughter from my audience, and my leading lady will once more star in the production.

How I will applaud her, for she is my wife, who will "produce" our Christmas dinner out of my unemployment pay.

The audience? Oh, just our wee son, who will laugh at my clowning and enjoy it as much as any West-End show.

It will be my most triumphant success, because it's exclusive—to us three.—*S. F., Essex.*

* * *

Out on icy seas round Bear Island will be my lot. I shall growl, stick it and make the best of it.—*A. Smith, Scarboro'.*

The story of Bethlehem will become intensely real. I, too, shall be able to say, "Unto us a child is given."—*E. F. C., Lymington.*

I am going to get double enjoyment by adopting an unemployed man and his family for one week.—*Withy, Exmouth.*

I am a professional entertainer, and I'm giving a free show at the Cripples' Hospital. It's the best "show" I do!—*L. M. A., Birmingham.*

To forget all personal difference and invite *his* people and mine to spend a real good, old-fashioned Christmas Day together.—*M. B., Plymouth.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 22.

The Secret I can now reveal

Football Matches played on December 19

OUR EXPERT FORECASTS—

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Middlesbrough v. ARSENAL.
(2) ASTON VILLA v. Blackburn.
(3) Leicester v. Portsmouth.
(4) Bolton v. EVERTON.
(5) CHELSEA v. Birmingham
(6) Grimsby v. W.B. ALBION.
*(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Blackpool.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Derby.
(9) NEWCASTLE v. Sheffield U.
*(10) WEDNESDAY v. Manchester C.
(11) WEST HAM v. Sunderland.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Chesterfield v. Port Vale.
(2) MANCHESTER U. v. Bristol C.
(3) BRADFORD v. Plymouth.
(4) BURNLEY v. Millwall.
(5) CHARLTON v. Barnsley.
(6) Forest v. Bury.
*(7) PRESTON v. Bradford C.
(8) Southampton v. Leeds.
(9) STOKE v. Swansea.
(10) HOTSPUR v. Oldham.
*(11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Notts C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) MANSFIELD v. Gillingham.
(2) SWINDON v. Northampton.
(3) Boscombe v. Brentford.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Luton.
(5) Bristol R. v. FULHAM.
(6) ORIENT v. Reading.
(7) C. PALACE v. Exeter.
(8) NORWICH v. Cardiff.
**(9) Q.P. RANGERS v. Thames.
(10) Torquay v. Southend.
*(11) WATFORD v. Coventry.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) STOCKPORT v. Barrow.
(2) Doncaster v. DARLINGTON.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Hull.
(4) Carlisle v. Chester.
(5) CREWE v. Hartlepools.
**(6) ROTHERHAM v. N. Brighton.
(7) SOUTHPORT v. Halifax.
(8) Tranmere v. Gateshead.
(9) WREXHAM v. Lincoln.
*(10) YORK v. Walsall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Queen's Park.
(2) Cowdenbeath v. ABERDEEN.
(3) Airdrie v. Kilmarnock.
(4) Ayr v. FALKIRK.
**(5) CELTIC v. Leith.
(6) Dundee v. RANGERS.
*(7) HEARTS v. Dundee U.
(8) PARTICK v. Morton.
(9) ST. MIRREN v. Clyde.
**(10) THIRD LANARK v. Hamilton.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—10(*H*); Div. II.—11(*H*); Southern Section.—9(*H*); Northern Section.—8(*H*); Scottish League.—10(*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Wolverhampton, Q.P. Rangers, Rotherham and Third Lanark.

...and get your
QUANTITY DISCOUNT

Here's a scheme to enable you to give as freely as ever this Xmas!
Bulk Buying! Buying, say, a dozen or more various Platignum writing aids—and getting them at a reduced rate! Remember, Platignum goods are All-British, with 100 per cent. efficiency guarantee. Make your selection to-day! Your Stationer is permitted to give you special bulk discounts that show a great saving on the price of Platignum goods brought separately. You can choose just what Platignum lines you like and there are increasing discounts for 1 dozen, 3 dozen and 6 dozen lots. Ask *your* stationer about this scheme to-day.

1/3 2/6 5/-

Platignum Pen as above with non-corrodible nib, with fine, medium, broad, oblique or A.1 points. Made in Black and handsome colours, 1/-. Also Platignum Pencil at 1/3 and Writing Set—Platignum pen and propelling pencil to match 2/6.

Platignum de LUXE Pen in lustrous mottlings, 2/6 each. Platignum de Luxe Writing Set, with pen and propelling pencil to match in imitation snake-skin, velvet and satin lined case, 5/- each.

Iridium Pointed **Platignum SUPREME** Pen in six iridescent marble mottlings. Pocket clip and initialled bands rolled gold or Platignum alloy. Signed 35 years' guarantee with each pen. 5/6 each. Pencil 5/-. Writing Sets 10/6.

British—buy them in bulk from your stationer.

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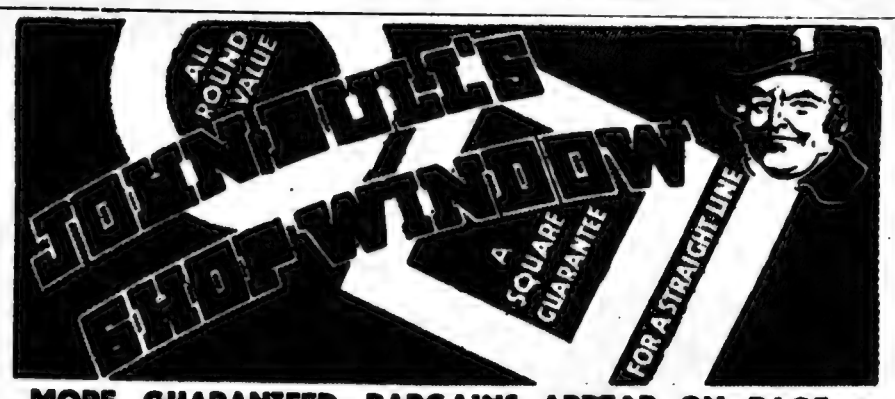
Write for new lavishly illustrated list of all pens and pencils to MENTMORE MFG. CO., LTD., Dept. B.J.4, Platignum House, Hackney, London, E.9



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3.

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GARAGES:
10ft. x 7ft. £8.12.0
15ft. x 9ft. £12.1.0
HUTS.
6ft. x 5ft. £3.14.0
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12ft. x 7ft. £8.11.0
¾-in. Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID
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SOUTH WESTERN Appliance Co. (1929) Ltd., Dept. J.B. High St., Fulham, S.W.6. (Putney 2771)

WADDED QUILTS FREE!
Xmas Bargain

2 Woolly Blankets	60x80
2 Sheets	60x80
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1 Bolster Case	20x30
1 Art. Bedspread	60x80
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2 Turkish Towels	42x20
1 Damask Table Cloth	54x54
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FREE GIFT of a handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT, sent with each bale.
Satisfaction or money back.
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23 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details and price list.

All the family will find endless pleasure during leisure hours with a Riley 'Rexor' Billiard Table. The 6 ft. size is delivered to you immediately on first payment of 13/3. Balance monthly. Cash price £11 15s. Rileys pay carriage and take transit risks. 7 days Free Trial allowed. Send to-day for Free Art List giving full details of Riley 'Home' Billiard Tables and 'Combine' Billiard and Dining Tables in all sizes, for cash or easy terms. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Gt. Britain.

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You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/6. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/6 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 6th, 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

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The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

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Overall length 15 inches

Of pliable nut brown stout hide, specially treated to render absolutely waterproof.

Cut in one piece, fingers gusseted and lined throughout. These splendid Gloves are well-nigh indestructible and will give endless wear.

3/6
Postage 6d.

Money-back Guarantee.

Take advantage of these surplus Government Military Gauntlet Gloves now, as they are an absolute bargain and undoubtedly cost treble our price to produce.
Full Men's size only.
NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

At Every Point of the Compass
Cuticura Preparations
Await Your Approval

THE **Soap**, pure and fragrant, used daily, cleanses and purifies, the **Ointment**, antiseptic and healing, removes pimples or rashes, the **Talcum**, pure and smooth, is ideal after bathing and shaving.
The **new Cuticura Shaving Cream** gives a rich, creamy lather that remains moist throughout the shave.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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"I eat what I like and my digestion is perfect—thanks to Humphozone Capsules."

Conquer your indigestion before it conquers you—make life worth living! Humphozone Capsules get to the root of all digestive disorders by restoring the natural juices of the stomach. No bismuth, no carbonate. Humphozone Capsules bring immediate relief and are specially recommended for chronic cases. No sufferer should ignore this genuine remedy.
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WHY WORK FOR LESS?
EARN BIG MONEY EASILY in your spare time without any outlay or experience.
AGENTS WANTED in every town to form 1/- Weekly Clubs for our Wonderful Goods. Thousands of Marvellous Bargains to select from in Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furs, Jewellery, Household Goods, etc., etc., from 5/- upwards.
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GREAT FREE BALE OFFER

To Agents forming 1/- Weekly Clubs. 1,000 Agents Wanted.
The BALE is FREE, in addition to usual commission. It contains Bedspread, pr. Woolly Blankets, pr. Grey Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases and Bolster Case. Fill up the Coupon.

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Please send me particulars of your Free Gift Offer as advertised. *Please write in CAPITALS.*
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Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

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FOR ANY GRAMOPHONE
With this model your Gramophone will give you tones you never dreamed possible. Carson's highest patent and the booming bass of the Military Band, crystal clear, mellow, with no distortions. Transforms any old cheap gramophone. Test it at home, then pay 5/- weekly (12/- in all) or 11/- cash down. Edition "Super." State if Soundbar fits in or slips over the tonearm. F. Hand & Co., 99, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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Most winter ailments have their beginnings in colds. On winter nights it is a wise precaution to add one or two teaspoonsful of KOMPO with plenty of sugar to a glass of hot water, milk or tea and drink whilst still hot just before going to bed.

KOMPO is the best known remedy for colds, chills, cold feet and other cold weather ailments. Taken in hot water, milk or tea it is very palatable.

Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist or Stores and be ready for whatever winter has in store.

1/3 per bottle. Family size, 3/-. (3/- size contains three 1/3 size).

KOMPO FOR COLDS.

J. F. White & Co., Chemists, Leeds.

"YULE" FARE MUCH BETTER WITH H.P. SAUCE

Xmas Day the Turkey.
Boxing Day—what remains.
27th Sunday's Joint.
28th Cold Meat.
29th Stews and Soups.

All will taste better with a little H.P.

There is more flavour in!

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

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Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
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Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

FINE NEW YEAR PRIZES for JOHN BULL'S X-WORD!

FIRST PRIZE £800

£50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

Added Attraction
EXTRA NEW YEAR BONUS of £1 CASH FOR EVERY WINNER

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

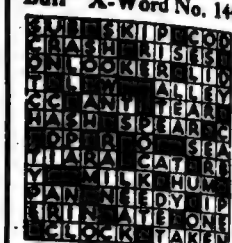
For this contest only each entrant will be allowed to submit two 6d entry-forms (4 squares) from this week's "John Bull"—and two 6d entry-forms (4 squares) from next week's issue. Enclose P.O. for total entry fee payable

START the New Year well by winning "John Bull's" big Crossword cheque! £800 is offered as First Prize, with £50 to be divided between the runners-up, and a special New Year Bonus of £1 for every prize-winner. A prosperous New Year would be assured to you as the reward for spending a few moments of your spare time in a fascinating pastime. Settle yourself down, put on your thinking cap and make sure of a prosperous New Year by carrying off this big cash prize.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £800 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prize winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a New Year Bonus of £1. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 7th, 1932, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 14th, 1932.

Winners in X-Word No. 1[4]
appear on page 29.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 144



JB 144.

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 144 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, December 31st.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 8 squares—four from this week's announcement and four from next week's. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, January 14th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £800 prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, January 26th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

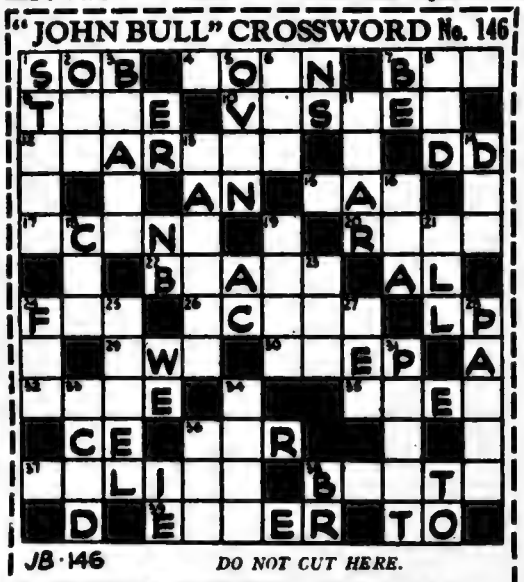
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

No claims required.

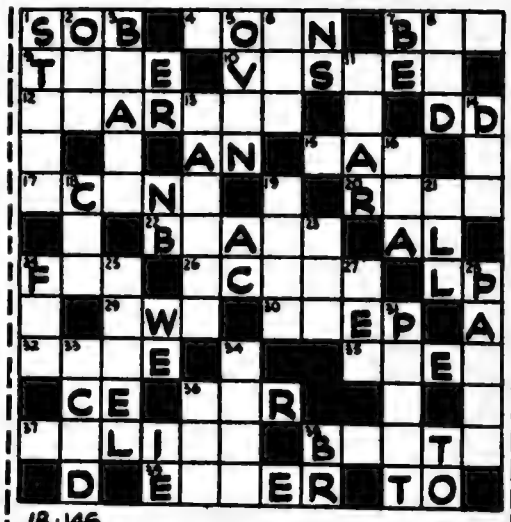
ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE.
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 146



JB·146 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·146

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, DEC. 31

CLUES ACROSS.

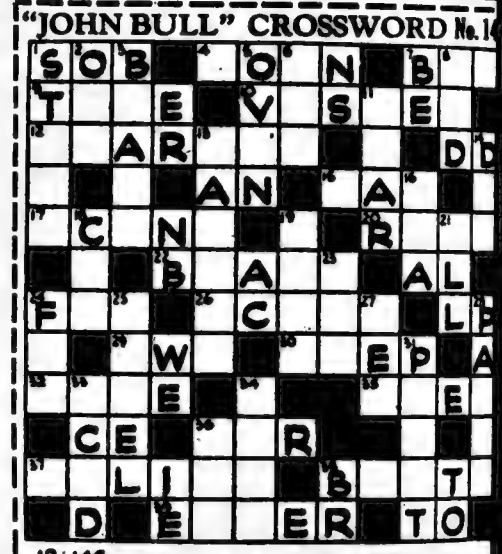
1. This shows emotion.
4. Attracts the woman shopper.
7. Needs a clip occasionally.
9. Weary.
10. Ship.
12. Frightened.
15. Is kept just inside the door.
17. Perfume.
20. Gather a harvest.
22. You see this on uniforms.
24. Cook in fat.
26. Happen.
29. Possess.
30. Retain.
32. Cook in an oven.
35. Where steamer lands passengers.
36. Atmosphere.
37. Job often done by mechanic.
38. They often get sonny into trouble.
39. Wireless flashes through this.

CLUES DOWN.

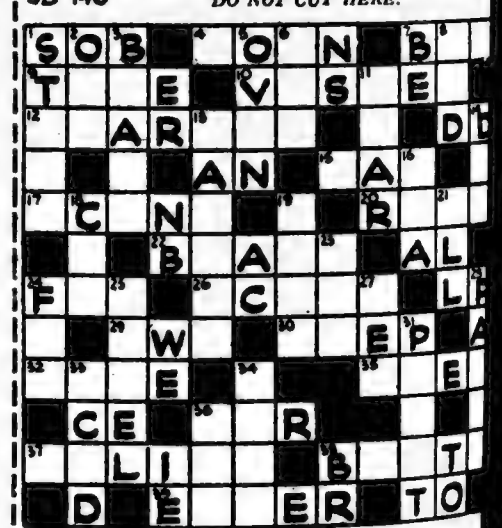
1. Conscience does this.
2. This gushes from a well.
3. It should hold tightly.
5. Joint is baked in this.
6. Married.
8. Aged.
11. Inflict a mark on the flesh.
13. Is in charge of hospital.
14. Lower into water.
16. We drink in the afternoon.
18. Sometimes the cause of road accident.
19. Match to it will cause a flare.
21. Everything.
23. "Give the devil his ——."
24. Deceive.
25. A rustic.
27. Finely corded material.
28. Used for band performance.
31. Safety often depends on.
33. Corrosive fluid.
34. Describes position.
36. Industrious insect.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 1[4]



JB·146 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·146

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FE for 4 Coupon 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, DEC. 3

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "... Bull" Crosswords (No. 146), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Co...

Write To JOHN BULL About It!

THE Editor REPLIES

J. B. (Warwick).—"Money is dust." And many people are blinded by it.

R. T. E. (Anerley).—"A debtor of mine always says he is coming round to see me." But he never squares up?

C. D. (Bury).—"Keeping my small children clean is a problem to me." The solution seems to be soapy water.

G. M. (Letchworth).—"Is there anything hard about learning to skate?" Yes, the ice.

D. T. (Totnes).—"I think modesty is a disease." Congratulations on your excellent health.

S. K. (Rochester).—"I made a speech on hiking." How long did you ramble on?

T. J. (Rodwell).—"So far I have netted 20 goals this season." A good score.

G. K. (Maidstone).—"Scotland is an ideal country for a holiday." It is. Scots often go there for a holiday.

MRS. A. (Newport).—"I think that husbands should attend lectures on housekeeping." Well, don't they?

D. L. (Tilbury).—"Gandhi was once a lawyer." But it certainly looks as if he never won a suit.

H. P. (Dover).—"What is the greatest water power known to man?" A woman's tears.

F. N. (Brixton).—"I admit I write a dreadful hand." It almost disguises the fact that you can't spell.

B. M. (Baldock).—"Snow and frost are predicted for Christmas." How ridiculously seasonable!

S. H. (Maidstone).—"The Lawn Tennis Association made over £30,000 over the Wimbledon tournaments." Net profit.

L. D. (Hendon).—"He holds my hand for hours, but hasn't given me an engagement ring." He ought to know the size of your third finger by now.

P. M. (Sutton).—"I sang several songs and held my audience for an hour." Wouldn't the little beggar go to sleep?

T. L. (Paddington).—"Eve didn't wear fashionable frocks." Of course not. There were no other women to envy them.

C. L. (Harrow).—"When I have a bad cough I don't know what to do with myself." Why not take it to a theatre, like everybody else does?

H. N. (Clacton).—"I cannot travel by air or on the sea, as both make me feel terribly ill." What an ideal slate-club secretary you would make!

D. V. (Hastings).—"Forty years ago I was a young waster of twenty. Now I am seventy I am not weak in anything." Except arithmetic.

S. B. (Hounslow).—"This Christmas I am sending all my greetings by 'phone." You've started already, of course.

P. N. (Coventry).—"This year my slate club is sharing out partly in coal." That's a change from a coal club sharing out partly in slate.

GLADYS (Chelsea).—"I am an artist's model, and directly I have finished my work I rush off to learn skating." From one sitting to another.

T. F. (Preston).—"Women are now inclined to go to their husband's tailors." That's more than many of their husbands dare do.

H. M. (York).—"A man floated companies, sold shares and made a lot of money while he was in an American gaol." It is not usual for anybody conducting a business like this to have such a settled address.

P. M. J. (Streatham).—"Since I started taking part in our local panto. I have become quite stage-struck." We've known pantos. like that.

N. N. (Goole).—"What, after all, is mistletoe?" A good excuse.

G. S. (Mortlake).—"I am at a loss to know which horse to back." You will probably be at a loss whatever you back.

D. V. (Liverpool).—"It is said that men will wear brown this winter." They will if they did last year.

Mrs. W. (Ipswich).—"Do you think my husband would like cigars or a knitted tie for Christmas?" No.

S. P. (Wigan).—"The man who can't pay his Christmas bills has something to be thankful for." If it's only the fact that he isn't one of his own creditors.

H. M. (London, W.).—"Although I have been an amusement caterer for years, it is difficult to know what people really want after a good dinner." Try bismuth.

W. H. (North Shields).—"Can you give me a good tip how to travel in comfort?" Give a good tip.

PROPHET (Wimbledon).—"The world will end before January 1." And to think that we've gone and paid our income tax!

H. S. A. (Blackheath).—"Money has always been a worry to me." Then share your trouble with us.

F. R. (Bristol).—"Every man has at least one novel in him." That is usually the best place to keep it.

W. R. (Frome).—"My brother is a spirit medium in America." That is a new name for a rum-runner.

W. V. (Southport).—"There is far too much love in modern fiction." The reverse is equally true.

L. F. (Mortlake).—"The average race-goer is a good loser." So he ought to be; look at the practice he gets.

H. M. (Atherstone).—"Every tradesman has entered whole-heartedly into the 'Buy British' movement." Even dealers in foreign stamps?

Mrs. W. (Merton).—"I did not appreciate what my jewellery really meant to me until I had to pawn it." Then you realised the value of it.

F. L. (Goole).—"I suppose that the next development in films will be the introduction of scents." A little more good taste would not come amiss.

T. R. (Evesham).—"There is a certain amount of starch in most foods." Perhaps that accounts for the stiff price of some of it.

BUSINESS MAN (City).—"A lot of people get slack as Christmas draws near." They should speak to the coal merchant about it.

S. A. (Hounslow).—"How long can a man live without food." Our waiter seems to be interested in that little problem, too.

H. U. (Bexhill).—"On Christmas morning, most people rise early and immediately begin opening parcels." Up and undoing.

H. R. M. (Bath).—"What would happen if we all had half an ounce more brain?" Some people would have half an ounce of brain.

D. B. (Barnet).—"What is the real meaning of 'Two can live as cheaply as one'?" It means that father and mother can live as cheaply as their daughter.

D. A. (Birmingham).—"I cannot understand Americans' love for soft drinks." You have evidently never tasted bootleg whisky.

JIM (Warwick).—"I'll bet you don't understand why I always write to you in red ink?" Leave out the "in red ink" and we still don't understand.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.3).—"One seldom hears anything of a concern after it has been wound up." The gramophone in the flat above ours is an exception.

BEAUTY EXPERT (London, W.).—"Sleep is a wonderful aid to good looks." Our jobbing gardener seems to be thinking of having a screen test in the near future.

G. T. (Anerley).—"I can't stand people who whisper in company." Nor can we, especially when they are actors and we want to know what the play is about.

T. E. (Romford).—"I am determined to put my foot down in my own home." After wiping it carefully on the hall-mat, of course.

A. R. (Kensington).—"It is customary for the big hotels to be specially decorated at Christmas." But surely the guests are used to seeing flourishing palms all the year round.

JAMES B. M. (Newcastle).—"I like sitting in the living-room, and my wife likes sitting in the drawing-room." You'll soon get used to sitting in the drawing-room.

J. C. C. (Wishaw).—"Business is looking up and I'm counting on a prosperous New Year." Make it your business to look up page 35—you may have the *Bullet's* £600 to include in your takings.

D. L. (Bickley).—"I have invented a flying motor-cycle." Now, if someone will only discover a flying motor-car we may stand some chance in getting across a road in safety.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelope "Slips."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"He spent the day shooting PEASANTS."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"An issue to shareholders of 1,400,000 Ordinary HARES."

THE THRILLER:—"His head swam for a moment but he SHOOK IT OFF."

THE STAR:—"One I expect to beat Willing Chick colt in the Mitre Plate is Shellback, who, I understand, is to be well BAKED."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The mouth of the air shaft is surrounded by a barbed WIRE fence."

OLDHAM MID-WEEK STANDARD:—"A light-hued wallpaper with a not-too-obtrusive vertical TRIPE effect is pleasing to the eye."

THE SPORTING CHRONICLE:—"Nightingall won the Petersham Selling Plate with Mr. Bezner's Fuella, who had to EAT and then shake off Saugor."

AIR STORIES:—"My eyes felt like they were popping from my HAND."

A GOLDEN MASK (Novel):—"The more I saw of him the more I LICKED him."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"A FOREARM had been brandished by Elliott and had gone off unexpectedly."

First time on Parade

AN OLD FAVOURITE NOW APPEARS WITH A NEW RECRUIT.

You prefer Military Pickle because of its balance of ingredients. For precisely the same reasons, Military Sauce will meet with your approval. The resources of an ideal factory have been directed to producing a sauce equal to the high Military standard. Get a bottle to-day and try it with a steak, chop, or a fried sole. Be very critical about it.

Hayward's MILITARY PICKLE & SAUCE

Of all Grocers.

PICKLE 10½d. & 1/6 per bottle SAUCE 6d. & 9d. per bottle

HAYWARD BROS., Ltd., KENNINGTON, S.E.11

"CHEST COLD removed overnight"

"There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'ifs' and 'buts'."

Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion—without burn or blister. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Insist on the genuine Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Obtainable from all chemists.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

No More Disturbed Nights.

BLADDER COMFORT

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth's "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B. 25) 9, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 14, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; 1148, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3.

Boots, Taylors, and all live chemists hold stock, or gladly obtain to order at a day's notice.

Turn to the JOHN BULL RADIO CONCERT Announcement on page 27.

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES. STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART. COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it Now.** **(Prescription No. 1108/T).** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B. 32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mrs. MARTLAND, 110, Cameron Street Leigh, Lancs., writes:

"For years I have been a sufferer with my Stomach, for which I underwent two operations. I suffered agony night and day and wasted to a skeleton. I was recommended to give Vitadatio a trial and the change is really wonderful. I am putting on weight, can eat anything and life is a pleasure. I am a living testimony."

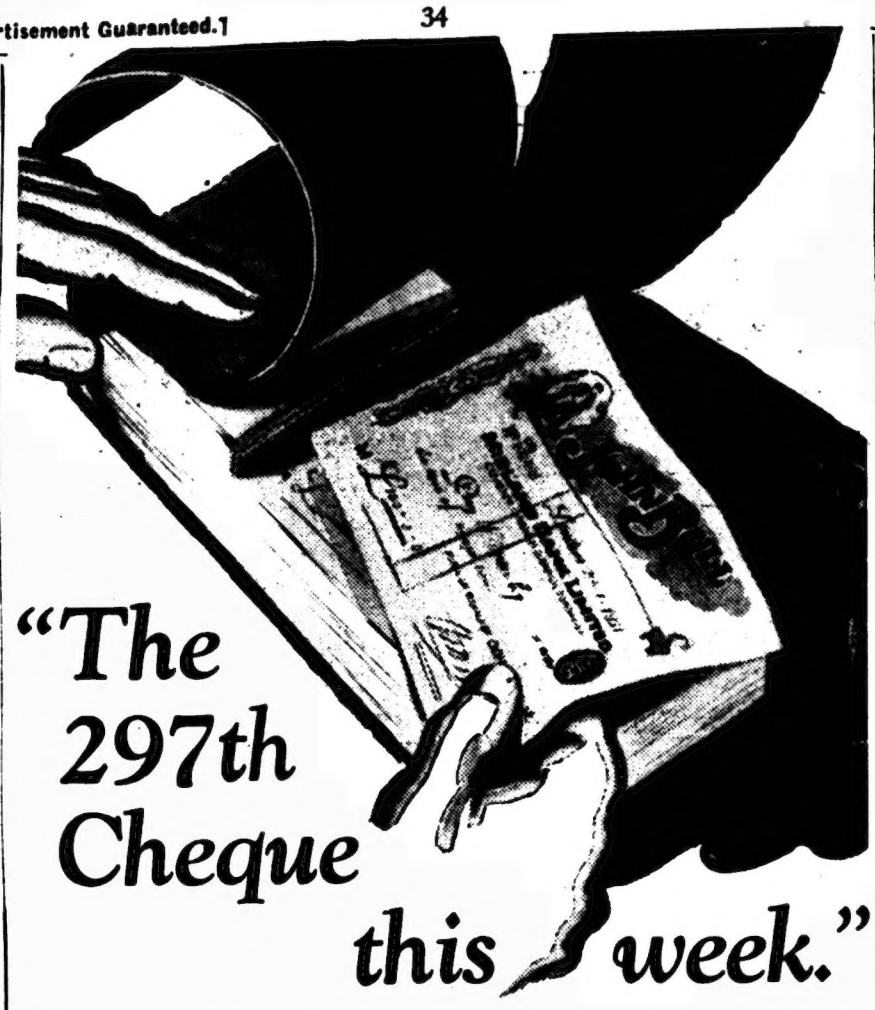
If you are a sufferer—get a Bottle to-day

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V.134

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS



"The 297th Cheque this week."

TWO hundred and ninety-seven cheques paid in seven days. A typical week's work this on the part of JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Department.

137 cheques have been speeded on their way to cover damage to readers' household effects caused by Fire, Storm and Flood.

16 more cheques have been dispatched on account of sickness.

34 cheques have been dispatched on account of accidents in the home.

110 cheques have been sent to parents when their children met with an accident in street, park or playground, resulting in broken limbs.

JOHN BULL has paid to date over 71,000 cheques—mighty figures which show how widespread is the good which JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance is doing.

Remember that JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to cover the home against Fire, Storm and Flood.

"Your cheque proved a godsend"; "I have been hard hit, but thanks to your cheque can now see the silver lining in the cloud." In the difficult times through which we are passing, JOHN BULL cheques are more welcome than ever before.

Have you registered? If not do so at once on the forms below.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, "John Bull" covers you FREE

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 19/12/31.

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B., 19/12/31.

Brighten your "BULLETS"!

Your ideas may be real winners! . . . but your lines may not put them over properly. It's the bright thought brightly phrased that wins "Bullets" prizes. Get expert advice on your lines. Learn the way to win . . . FREE! Submit your next "Bullets" lines to the Editor of

The WINNER

The Champion Competition Journal.

If you do this you will receive

A FREE EXPERT OPINION

and will at once learn what are your chances of success. "The Winner" is the ONLY competition newspaper which conducts A FREE ADVISORY SERVICE, which has been used by many, many FIRST PRIZE WINNERS in "BULLETS" and other contests. "The Winner" is easily the most reliable guide for Literary Competitors. Every issue contains:—

GOLDEN HINTS AND ADVICE FOR "BULLET" MAKERS—IDEAS TO WORK UPON—AND THOSE TO AVOID, ETC., ETC.

"The Winner" also provides SPECIAL COUPONS for you to enter "BULLETS." Every issue of this world-famous journal also contains:—

COMPLETE AND EXCLUSIVE SOLUTIONS FOR EVERY CURRENT CROSSWORD AND PICTURE PUZZLE.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been won by readers of "The Winner" which is now

CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED AND PRINTED ON WHITE PAPER.

You will quickly become a BIG PRIZEWINNER if you follow—

The WINNER

Don't confuse the title, but tell your Newsagent it MUST be "The Winner"——

ON SALE MONDAY EVERYWHERE 2D

Start the New Year with Bullets' Double-First or a Gold-lined Hamper!

JOHN BULL
A Merry Christmas to you and a Prize-winning New Year!
The Competition Editor
£600
£50 £25
and 100 GOLD-LINED NEW YEAR HAMPERS EACH WITH £2 cash
£2-11-....
THESE HAMPERS CONTAIN
PLUMP SUNNY FOWL, PORK SAUSAGES, PLUM PUDDING, DUNDEE CAKE, BISCUITS, CHOCOLATES, BOX OF CRACKERS, MUSCATELS & ALMONDS, 50 CIGARETTES, BOTTLE OF FINE OLD PORT, & A NEW YEAR CHEQUE FOR £2
Spend Christmas leisure with this page of prizes!

HOW YOU CAN WIN A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

EARLY in the New Year we shall be sending good news to 123 readers who enter for the attractive prizes announced to-day. If you have read in our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin* of the excitement and satisfaction of a £300 win, you can well imagine the electrical effect of a wire which tells you that **£600 is yours.**

In addition to **£50, £25** and twenty other substantial cheques there are 100 splendid prizes of a big JOHN BULL Hamper with **£2** cash, with which 100 *Bullets* entrants are to start the New Year merrily.

To make a *Bullet*, let each of the *Examples* provided suggest a topic on which to air your views or make some pointed comment, using TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS. Test the possibilities of them all, for any one may lead you to a **£600** *Bullet*.

For instance, taking the *Example* GOING FAR, you might add IF YOU GO *For*, and so complete a *Bullet*. Now make a careful study of the efforts below, each of which has been awarded a *Bullets* cheque, and then get busy with an effort which may win you the **£600** or a Gold-lined Hamper offered above, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, January 2.

1,500 XMAS FEASTS WON and MANY CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION NO. 829

Mrs. E. COSTAIN, "Allenby," Montclair Drive, Wavertree.
Example:—THIS CHRISTMAS
Bullet:—THE SAME TO *Few!*

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. P. HALEY, Empire Theatre, Maryport, Cumberland.
Example:—To Labour
Bullet:—I "Thirst"—I'm Hungry.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. TURNER, 22, Shaftesbury Road, Stockport.
Example:—Wave Of Optimism
Bullet:—In "Air"—"Get Set"!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

W. BISSET, 99, London Road, Ipswich.
Unity Is Strength, So — Tackle Your Troubles Singly!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

P. BURGESS, 3, Torkington Street, Stockport.
Wave Of Optimism—*Reclaiming* Britain's "Lost Ground."

Mrs. F. CARTER, 17, Terminus Road, Eastbourne.
Having A Rough Time—Shores—Shires—And Shares.

W. COCKERILL, Station Road, Stallingborough.
Wounded Her Pride—"Good Shot" At Age.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

C. EVANS, 30, Priory Close, Sudbury, Wembley.
Fewer Unemployed—Only Official "Tables" Show.

Miss I. JOHNSON, 47, Dowanhill Street, Glasgow.
Dastardly Plot — Crackers Contained Demand Notes!

Mrs. E. PAGE, East Haddon, Northampton.
Wave Of Optimism—Won't Douse "Burning Question."

Miss G. PHILPOT, 9, Prospect Place, Canterbury.
This Christmas—Quiet Time—Chancellor's Clamouring.

W. SIMPSON, 189, Abbeyhill Street, Glasgow.
This Christmas—Fairy-tale—"Wolf Ate *Santa*."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. A. WILSON, 5, Medwyn Street, Scotstoun, Glasgow.
Man Who Gets Nothing—But "Move On!"—Stagnates.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. R. BONE, c/o Mrs. Stewart, 13, Gladstone Place, Leith.
Comfortable Income—Always The "Size Bigger."

J. T. CRONIN, 3, Thomas Street, London, E.
Modern Aladdin—Upsets Lamp—Cave's Insured!

H. K. DUFF, 38, Cyprus Gardens, Belfast.
Overstepping The Mark—The Waits Used Megaphones.

H. LATCHFORD, 152, Virginia Street, Southport.
Learning—Uprightness—Sonny, Face Down.

Mrs. V. OFFER, 7, Alma Street, Merthyr, Glam.
Unforeseen—"Painting" Future—Fate's "Brushes."

W. R. PAIGE, 284, Friern Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.
This Christmas—"Nice Bird, That Rabbit!"

Mrs. E. SCORAH, 33, Plover Street, Burnley.
Dastardly Plot—Suspected—Villager Up Late!

J. H. STEWART, 70, Crewe Street, Derby.
Learning — Collier's Child Watching Rescuers.

C. WHITE, 21, Carlton Road, Hillsboro', Sheffield.
Comfortable Income—Inference From His Circumference.

H. WINSTONE, 22, Forest Gardens, Galashiels, N.B.
The Lion Woke Up And—Interrupted Dispute Over Skin.

A list of 100 Hamper, 250 Turkey, 400 Xmas Cake and 750 Surrey Fowl winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 829 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. W. Holloway, 121, Goldhawk Road, South Heath.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

To Would-be Winners.

"*Bullets Bulletin* gives one really helpful hints," says the winner of **£300 in No. 829, echoing tributes from many who have won First Prizes.**

You cannot fail to make better *Bullets* if you accept this weekly aid which JOHN BULL offers free to every would-be winner. Complete the coupon adjoining and post it off to-night.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 832

YEAR AHEAD
KIND WINTER
WHEN WE BUY BRITISH
ACCORDING TO PROGRAMME
IN CASE WE FORGET
NATIONAL TEAM
TO MY MIND
DRIVING POWER
CRAMPED HIS STYLE
ROYAL RESPONSE
HUM OF MACHINERY
MAKING CERTAIN
BY THE FIRE
SWALLOWING HER PRIDE
AT LIFE'S BANQUET
TO KEEP HER QUIET
ARE MAY FROWN, BUT
FUMBLING FOR THE KEY
IN THE INTERVAL
ALMOST BURSTING
POOR MAN'S FRIEND
DAD GOT A COLD AND
SPORTING SPIRIT
DEFYING THE LAW
HIS RESOLUTION
GOING FAR
DEMANDING PAYMENT
DOES NO GOOD
ARRIVING LATE
OUR PARTY
FEELING BLUE
IN THE MATRIMONIAL RING

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(832) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 2
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(832) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 2
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(832) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 2
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(832) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Jan. 2
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 832, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 832 usually purchase "John Bull."

Use this Coupon to secure

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to lift you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No. ..... (made payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on twelve issues of "Bullets Bulletin" commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

Hurry JOHN BULL'S GREAT XMAS GIFT TO YOU!

Your Last Chance before Xmas!

John Bull
Xmas Gift Voucher
VALUE
2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher accepted in part payment of each Pen. Available only until December 31, 1931.
5/- for 2/6
"WORTH TEN TIMES THE PRICE."
The "John Bull" Pen is the best I have ever used, though I have had pens costing ten times the price.—W. Kelly, 4, Waterside, Waterford.
John Bull
Xmas Gift Voucher
VALUE
5/-
Accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1931.
10/- for 5/-

DO IT NOW!—Those of our readers who wish to receive their Gift Packages in time for Christmas, are strongly urged to send in their applications immediately. Cut out Coupon desired and post at once.

WHAT "JOHN BULL" OFFERS YOU.

[1] **2/6 GIFT VOUCHER,** which will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. The Pen is handsomely chased, superbly finished, with latest lever self filling device and safety screw cap. Fitted with **14-carat solid gold nib,** iridium tipped, it is without a peer for delicacy of touch and smooth-writing qualities. **Written two years' guarantee** with each pen.

The Pencil, complete with extra leads and pocket clip, matches the pen in beauty and workmanship. Both are ALL BRITISH. **YOU SEND ONLY 2/6** [plus postage].

[2] **5/- GIFT VOUCHER,** which will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe.

The Pen, which is **unbreakable,** carries a **Five Year written guarantee.** You will admire the superb finish, the rolled-gold band and pocket clip, the lever-filling device which is deeply sunk, the **extra** quality of the **14-carat solid gold nib** tipped with costly iridium.

The "Everpointed" Pencil with its streamline finish, including extra leads and pocket clip, is a perfect "partner" for a perfect gift. ALL BRITISH. **YOU SEND ONLY 5/-** [plus postage].

DON'T BE LATE! Cash the Coupons now.

JOHN BULL'S XMAS GIFT COUPON.

To "John BULL" PEN DEPT. (J.5), 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Xmas Gift Voucher value 2/6, which please accept as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose p.o. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all. Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

OR

(2) I enclose Xmas Gift Voucher value Five Shillings, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de luxe, including clip-on pen and pencil and extra leads. I enclose p.o. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required).
Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

Cash the Coupons

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